POEMS,

SACRED

AND

EVANGELICAL.

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POEMS,

SACRED and *EVANGELICAL*,

WITH
OCCASIONAL NOTES:
TOGETHER INCULCATING
CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE,
AND THE NATURE OF
REAL RELIGION;
WITH
SOME IMPORTANT POINTS
IN THE
DOCTRINES of FAITH;
ALSO,
INSTANCES
IN
DIVINE PROVIDENCE,
IMPROVED.

By MATTHEW UNWIN.

NOTTINGHAM:
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To the READER.

WHATEVER ye do, do all to the Glory of God, *is the divine Command, the important Exhortation of our great Lord and Maſter, who is the Witneſs of our Actions, and our Judge; and under the Influences of that Spirit, whoſe Office it is to take of the Things of Chriſt, and ſhew unto our Souls, is the actuating Principle of all thoſe who have experienced that Change, without which it is impoſſible to enter into the Kingdom of Heaven. Influenced by this Idea, it perhaps may be aſked by the Reader of the following Sheets, What induced the Author to appear in ſo public and diſtinguiſhed a Character in the World?—To which he would with Modeſty reply, That he hopes his leading Deſigns were, the* Glory of God, *and the* Welfare *of his fellow Immortals.*

With theſe Views, he would humbly ſolicit the Candour *of all thoſe into whoſe Hands they may come, intreating them to lay aſide the Spirit of Criticiſm and Cenſure, and if there is any Thing in them calculated to anſwer ſuch valuable Purpoſes,*

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poſes, to join with him in praying, they may be abundantly bleſſed, and made productive of the deſired Effects.—Conſidering his profeſſed Deſigns, if the Execution of the Poems do convey the diſtinguiſhed Evidences of Genius and Literature, ſo as to merit the Attention of thoſe who are eminent for them, he hopes Allowances will be made, and their Judgment *be mixt with* Candour.

He cannot help expreſſing himſelf much obliged to thoſe of his Friends who have procured him ſo many Subſcribers, and is very ſorry that the Work has been ſo long in coming out. At the Time he ſolicited their Aſſiſtance, he apprehended it would be ready ſome Months ago; but many concurring Circumſtances prevented, which were then unforeſeen.

If what he has now ſent into the World, is through the Influence of the Spirit, bleſſed to the ſpiritual Advantage of the Reader, to God be the Glory; and he will have Reaſon to rejoice that he has commenced AUTHOR.

NOTTINGHAM,
July 12, 1783.

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POEMS,
SACRED and EVANGELICAL.

God the Thunderer:
OR,
THE LAST JUDGMENT.

Written in a dreadful Storm of Thunder and Lightening.

> " ——————— In Exploſion vaſt,
> " The Thunder raiſes his tremendous Voice.
> " At firſt, heard ſolemn o'er the Verge of Heav'n,
> " The Tempeſt growls; but as it nearer comes,
> " And rolls its awful Burden on the Wind,
> " The Lightnings flaſh a larger Curve, and more
> " The Noiſe aſtounds ——————."
>
> *THOMPSON.*

ARISE, my Soul, and form a ſolemn Lay;
Come ſing of God who bears an awful Sway!
Hark! how his Thunders rend th' Empyrean Sky,
While round the vaulted Arch his Light'nings fly.
Tempeſt and Storm in dreadful Vollies roar,
And ſound abroad his great Almighty Pow'r.
See how the blazing Sulphur's ſcatter'd round,
And rolls in fearful Columns to the Ground!
Confuſion ſeems to veſt th' amazing Space,
And Earth's vaſt Fabric trembles to its Baſe.

My rolling Eye-balls ſtruck with dread Surprize,
Glance thro' the void, and view the angry Skies;
While Clouds contend with Clouds in hideous Sound,
And guſhing ſpread their wrathful Fury round.

Tremendous Scene!—Oh! how Majeſtic He,
The King of Kings; the Lord of Earth and Sea!
May the red Light'ning's flaſh, and Thunder's roll,
Teach me his Name, and awe my liſt'ning Soul.
O may I learn the Wonders of his Arm,
Tho' in a raging Tempeſt, or a Storm!

Attend my Soul!—Come lift thy wond'ring Eyes,
And deep in Thought, again review the Skies!
Come, realize the grand, the awful Day,
When Nature will diſſolve and melt away.
O ſolemn Thought!—Soon as the Trump of God,
Shall ſound from Pole to Pole, to Lands abroad,
And bids the ſlumb'ring Dead awake and riſe,
What awful Scenes will open to our Eyes?—
A GOD Majeſtic on the JUDGMENT SEAT,
And Stars, and Suns, and Worlds beneath his Feet:
All, all around obſerve his Sov'reign Nod,
And join united to proclaim him GOD.

Ah!—now the great deciſive Period's come;
The cloſe of Time, and Man's eternal Doom.
Ten Thouſand Angels cloth'd in bright Array,
All hail the joyful, yet tremendous Day;
And Worlds aſſembled at the Trumpet's ſound,
View Empires falling, and Confuſion round;
While the hoarſe Thunder in tremendous roll,
With ſtrong Convulſions ſhake the ſolid Pole;
And the fork'd Light'nings glance in dreadful Streams,
And burn conflagrant with the Globe in Flames.

And muſt this Period come?—The Dead ariſe,
And meet their ſov'reign JUDGE on yonder Skies?
My Soul, it muſt! and thou with them appear,
With Joy, or Grief, at the deciſive Bar.
The High, the Low, the Aged, and the Young,
Will there aſſemble in one gen'ral Throng;
And ſome receive Reward——but, O to tell!
The Guilty will be baniſh'd down to Hell.
And ſhould'ſt thou hear that awful Word, DEPART;
What Conſternation then will ſeize thy Heart?
In vain thou call'ſt to Rocks;—his Word is Fate:
The Doom pronounc'd, Repentance comes too late.
Riſe then, my Soul! prepare to meet the Day;
Accept Salvation, and his Word obey:
While now the Glories of the Goſpel beam,
And Life is promis'd through a Saviour's Name.
Shake off the Sleep of Sin, adore thy God,
And with unwearied Footſteps tread the Road,
Which leads to boundleſs Bliſs on yonder Skies,
Where all's ſerene, and Tempeſts never riſe.

And ſhall I let eternal Glory go,
To gratify my Appetites below?
Ah! why ſhould Madneſs thus poſſeſs my Soul?
Can't Thoughts like theſe, the raging Fires controul?
'Tis better now to ceaſe, and bear the Croſs,
Than burn in Hell, and ſuffer endleſs Loſs.
What then theſe Joys? or, ah! what Profits riſe,
When ſunk into the Gulph thou lifts thine Eyes,
And views the Gloom of Horror all around,
For ever hopeleſs, and for ever bound,
And cannot more thy Paſſions gratify,
But with the Herd of Damn'd, heave Sigh with Sigh?

Spirit Divine! whoſe Work it is to ſhew
The Things of Chriſt to Man, and make him know
The Value vaſt of his immortal Part;
While Grace renewing, purifies the Heart,
Kindly deſcend, thy Office to perform,
And let eternal Love my Paſſions warm.

JUDGMENT may then appear, and Planets fall;
God is my Life, my Portion, and my all.
Not all the Terrors of that awful Day,
Shall fright my Soul, or fill me with Diſmay.
Compos'd I ſtand, with Tranſport in my Eyes,
While Songs of Angels ſound acroſs the Skies.
Bleſt be my God, my Voice with them I'll raiſe,
To ſing Salvation, and his Name to praiſe.
And thro' Eternity's revolving Round,
Our Notes ſhall ſwell with moſt harmonious Sound.

⁂

A DESIRE to DEPART.

PHILP. I Chap. 23 ver.

I.

I Long my God, to leave this Earth,
To croſs the chilling Flood of Death,
And reach th' immortal Shore;
Where I ſhall dwell at thy right Hand,
Where Angels ſit, where Angels ſtand,
And Sigh, and Sin no more.

II.

Could I but from theſe Bonds be free,
T' enjoy eternal Bliſs with Thee,
No Pains ſhould fright my Soul:
Tho' Storms ariſe to blaſt my Hope,
I'll bear with Joy my Courage up,
And thro' the Billows roll.

III.

Send ſome ſweet Gale to waft m' away,
And let my Soul no longer ſtay,
In this dark World below:
Ope', Ope' the heavenly Portals wide!
Let Angels throng on either Side,
To hail me ſwiftly thro'.

IV.

Then will I praiſe thy glorious Name,
And o'er th' eternal Plains proclaim,
The Wonders thou haſt done:
My Tongue ſhall never-ceaſing ſing,
While the vaſt Arch with Praiſes ring
To Thee, and to thy Son.

V.

But if it is thy Sov'reign Will,
That I ſhould be a Trav'ller ſtill,
And tread the rugged Path;
I bow ſubmiſſive,—all reſigned,
And loud confeſs thy Dealings, kind,
And patient wait for Death.

The DYING CHRISTIAN.

" Vital's Spark of heav'nly Flame !
" Quit, O quit this mortal Frame !
" Trembling, hoping, ling'ring, flying,
" Oh the Pain, the Bliſs of dying !
" Ceaſe fond Nature, ceaſe thy Strife,
" And let me languiſh into Life."

POPE.

HAIL ! happy Moment, hail ! with ſmiling Eyes,
The dying Saint in ſacred Tranſport cries:
Come, pale Deſtroyer, Death, terrific King,
Thy Arm upliſt, and ſnap Life's trembling String ;
I long to leave this World with panting Soul,
And mount on high, beyond the ſtarry Pole :
Fain would I join the loud Angelic Strains,
Which echo round the wide celeſtial Plains.
Hurl, hurl with ſkilful Aim, the fatal Dart,
And let me die, tho' with acuteſt ſmart.
No *fearful* Sigh ſhall ever heave my Breaſt ;
For Chriſt's my All, and thou a welcome Gueſt.

Cloſe, cloſe my Days—my Hours, and ceaſe to fly !
Nor beat my Pulſe :—I'd breathe my laſt, and die.
My Foes are conquer'd, Heav'n appears in view,
I'd ſtretch my Wings, and bid the World adieu.

Thus ſings the Saint, the dying Saint of God,
While wing'd for Heav'n, he leaves Earth's dark Abode.
No conquering Hero from the Field of War,
Rides more Triumphant in his whirling Car:
The Pomp, the Grandeur that attend their Way,
Compar'd with this, afford a feint Diſplay.

The grand, celeſtial Gates are open'd wide,
While Saints and Angels throng on either Side,
To hail his coming with their chearful Tongues,
In loudeſt Notes, in Burſts of heav'nly Songs.

Behold him paſs the Ports!—He flies! He flies!
With raptur'd Soul; with Glory in his Eyes;
Aſcends the ſhining Throne prepar'd by God,
There ever to proclaim a Saviour's Blood.

PRAISE

PRAISE TO GOD FOR THE WORK OF REDEMPTION.

" ———————— O that I could climb
" The wonderful Aſcent, with equal Praiſe!
" Praiſe! flow for ever, (if Aſtoniſhment
" Will give thee leave,) my Praiſe! for ever flow;
" Praiſe ardent, cordial, conſtant, to high Heav'n,
" More fragrant than Arabia ſacrific'd,
" And all her ſpicy Mountains in a Flame.

YOUNG.

I.

AWAKE, my Soul! ariſe, and ſing
Glory and Praiſe, to God thy King;
Exalt his Name, while round the Sky,
Thy heav'nly Notes harmonious fly!

II.

Redemption's Work, demands a Song,
The Tribute of thy Heart and Tongue:
O may it ever be thy Joy,
And all thy inmoſt Pow'rs employ!

III.

Angels in yonder World above,
Chant it with Extacy and Love;
Bleſſing and Praiſe, thro' all the Plains,
Reſound in moſt harmonious Strains.

And

IV.

And ſhall a Creature, born to die,
An Heir of vaſt Eternity;
For whom the Saviour ſhed his Blood,
In Silence ſit, nor praiſe his God?

V.

Yes, I will ſing his wond'rous Name,
His Works of Love, around proclaim;
With Saints and Angels I'll rejoice,
And with them join my chearful Voice!

VI.

Jeſus, the Father's only Son,
Who fill'd a bright celeſtial Throne,
Came with Compaſſion from the Skies,
And gave his Life a Sacrifice.

VII.

Amazing Love!—Creation's God,
Stoop'd to redeem us with his Blood!
He came rebell'ous Sons to ſave,
From Death, and the devouring Grave.

VIII.

Angels may well in Tranſport ſing,
And make the Heav'ns with Praiſes ring;
That He ſo low ſhould condeſcend,
To die, and be a Mortal's Friend,

IX.

Had I a Voice to reach the Sky,
How would I ſound Redemption high;
His Love, his Pity, I'd declare,
And make the diſtant Nations hear.

On the APPROACH *of the* SABBATH.

> " Welcome, ſweet Day of Reſt,
> " That ſaw the Lord ariſe :
> " Welcome to this reviving Breaſt,
> " And theſe rejoicing Eyes."
>
> *WATTS.*

O Thou whoſe Word was wide Creation's Birth,
Great Source of Life, Supreme of Heav'n and Earth!
Who fix'd the Sun in bright refulgent Blaze,
To chear the World with his enliv'ning Rays ;
To thy great Name, I ſing with thankful Tongue,
I ſhout thy Wonders in my Morning Song.

The riſing Sun drives gloomy Night away,
And brings the glorious Morn, the bleſſed Day,
On which the Lord, our Saviour roſe on high,
To plead his People's Cauſe beyond the Sky.

Hail, happy Morn !—All hail, returning Light!
Thy ſweet Approach doth bleſs my op'ning Sight.
Ah ! how refulgent Phœbus brings the Day,
And round the vaſt Expanſe his Beams diſplay ;
While pants my Soul, to ſtand before his Face,
And ſing with Saints the Wonders of his Grace.

Jeſus, deſcend with ev'ry ſacred Beam,
Prepare my Heart to praiſe thy glorious Name.

O bow thy Throne !—my ev'ry Pow'r inſpire,
And kindle in my Soul a ſacred Fire.
Raiſe me, my God, above the Things of Time ;
O give my Soul a Taſte of Joys ſublime !
That when her Face, the ſable Goddeſs ſhows,
And wearied Nature calls for Night's Repoſe ;
With Faith and Hope, I may my Head recline,
And bleſs the Moments of this Day, divine.

◆

REFLECTIONS.

REFLECTIONS ON THE DEITY.

" Hail independent, perfect Excellence !
" Of pure immortal Light, Abyſs immenſe !
" This, and the Orbs around on Thee depend ;
" From Thee they came, in Thee they end :
" Thou, Lord of Lords, thou King of Kings,
" Bleſt Source whence all Dominion ſprings,
" With Glory art adorn'd, and for Defence,
" Begirt with dread Omnipotence.

BLACKMORE.

HIGH in the Heav'ns, beyond the circling Sky,
Our God's enthron'd in glorious Majeſty ;
Where Saints and Angels cloth'd in bright Array,
Are fill'd with Wonder at its rich Diſplay,
And ſound thro' all the vaſt celeſtial Space,
His Name divine,—the Beauties of his Face.

How wond'rous HE !—My Soul, adoring ſing ;
Come ſhout from Shore to Shore, Creation's King.
Creation's mighty Maker, great Supreme,
Whoſe Glories round in full Perfection beam.
Behold ! (amazing Scene !) with raptur'd Eyes,
The vaſt Expanſe of Heav'n, the azure Skies,
Where all refulgent ſhines with grand Diſplay,
The rolling Sun, the noble Orb of Day :
And where alternate, Stars unnumber'd roll,
And gild the amazing Space, from Pole to Pole.

Eternal God !—Thou Being all divine !
Yon ſtarry Lights, yon glitt'ring Orbs are thine.
'Twas thy great Arm that fixt, that gave their Bounds;
To riſe and ſet ;—to move in ample Rounds :
And all obedient to thy great Decree,
They roll their Circuits, and acknowledge Thee.

Ah ! thou firſt Cauſe of univerſal Sway,
Whoſe Word ſupreme the Hoſts of Heav'n obey.
How great art thou ! thy Wiſdom's a profound,
A vaſt Abyſs, where all our Thoughts are drown'd !
Nature, with her ten Thouſand Tongues proclaim,
Thy wond'rous Self, thy great eternal Name.

Let Earth adore !—'Twas thou that fixt her Baſe ;
That poiz'd Creation in th' amazing Space.
The Rocks and Hills, the Floods, the daſhing Seas,
The Shrubs and Plants, the ſtately branching Trees ;
With all that veſt the wide, the ſpacious Land,
Are the great Works of thy Almighty Hand.

Nations attend ! give Ear ye Lands abroad !
View Majeſty auguſt, and learn a God.
Submiſſive bow before his awful Throne,
Confeſs his Name, and join to make it known.
With thoughtful Soul reflect ; attentive view,
And ſee what his Almighty Arm can do.—
(O ſolemn Thought !)—extended once abroad,
Surrounding Worlds aloud confeſs him God.
Thunder and Storm, his awful Word obey,
While Heav'n aſtoniſh'd quakes, and melts away.
Mountains of Braſs, that riſe toward the Sky,
Ruſh from their Baſe, and 'fore his Preſence fly.
Aw'd by his Pow'r, the Seas with hideous Roar,
Daſh Waves like Mountains foaming to the Shore.

Who can abide? (Ye Souls aſtoniſh'd ſtand!)
Who can abide the Vengeance of his Hand,
When with the Fury of an angry God,
On Death reſolv'd, he pours his Wrath abroad?
Can the vile Sons of rebel Adam's Race,
Who caſt Contempt upon his tender'd Grace,
Who ſcoff at bleſt Religion's ſacred Name,
Deſpiſe the Croſs, and bluſh to bear its Shame?
Great God! how will they tremble when they ſee,
Thy pow'rful Arm, and Garbs of Majeſty!
Their frighted Souls, with quiv'ring Lips will call,
For Mountains huge, for Rocks and Hills to fall,
To hide them from the Notice of thine Eyes,
And cruſh them---cruſh them down, no more to riſe!
But vain's their Call! the Mountains moveleſs ſtand,
While God uplifts his Rod, uplifts his Hand.

Then, O my Soul! be wiſe, and ſeek his Face;
Call on his Name for Light and quick'ning Grace,
Nor ſhake with Fear, when his loud Thunders roll,
Pregnant with Wrath againſt the guilty Soul:
His Oath and Promiſe ſtand, the Man to bleſs,
Who walks in Wiſdom's Path, in Right'ouſneſs.

Ah! riſe my Soul! exalted be thy Strains,
Let Notes of Triumph ſound acroſs the Plains.
This mighty God, ſo terrible in Name,
Whoſe Wrath incens'd, burns with devouring Flame.
Has Pow'r Omnipotent to ſave from Hell,*
That diſmal Concave wide, where Sinners dwell.

---

* This is Matter of the greateſt Conſolation, and is calculated to ſilence every riſing Fear, or calm the Surges of the troubled Mind. The LORD GOD is STRONG AND MIGHTY; ABLE TO SAVE!---His Almighty Power, which can diſſolve the Heavens, or cruſh to nothing Earth's

Then while thou ſteer'ſt acroſs the Sea of Life,
No Danger fear, tho' 'midſt the Rage of Strife ;
But reſt on him who ſways its angry Roll,
With ſteadfaſt Faith, with Confidence of Soul :
Let his bleſt Name, thy chiefeſt Thoughts employ,
While Truth, and Grace divine, increaſe thy Joy.
HE, who can graſp all Nature with a Span,
Whoſe Name was GOD before the World began,
Has Floods of Grace, which riſe, which ever flow,
Of ſhoreleſs Width, and Depths which none can know.

Ye feeble Saints, your various Wants that mourn,
Come let your Souls with warm Affection burn ;
Truſt in your God ;---his Name for ever bleſs,
While you tread thro' this howling Wilderneſs.
Tempeſts may riſe, and Dangers fill the Way,
And all look deſolate as Winter's Day ;
But ah ! his Promiſe ſtands for ever good ;
You are his Sons, the purchaſe of his Blood.
He'll faithful guard you by his ſkilful Hand,
And bring you ſafe to bliſsful Canaan's Land.

O pleaſing

Earth's ſtupendous Fabric, and will at laſt be diſplay'd in the Deſtruction of the Impenitent and Unbelieving, ſtands engaged, and is continually exerciſed for the Security of the REAL CHRISTIAN. He is as a Wall of Fire round about, and will ever be with and keep him, till he is brought to the full Enjoyment of Himſelf in the Regions of eternal Glory and uninterrupted Felicity.

† The Treaſure of God's Grace is infinite and inexhauſtible. As the great Dr. Owen obſerves, "Were all the World to ſet themſelves to " drink freely ; an Angel ſtanding by, crying, DRINK O FRIENDS ! " YEA, DRINK ABUNDANTLY ; take ſo much GRACE as ſhall be " abundantly ſufficient for the World of Sin, which is in every one of " you ; they would not be able to ſink it one Hair's Breadth-----And why ? " Becauſe it flows from an infinite, bottomleſs Fountain."-----Whatever the Circumſtances of the PEOPLE of GOD are, here is ſufficient to anſwer their Demands, to ſupply all their Wants.

O pleaſing Thought! who with your God can vie,
Or ſhew ſuch Love, ſuch Pow'r, ſuch Majeſty?
Did e'er the heathen Gods ſuch Things poſſeſs;
Such Glow of Pity feel;—ſuch Hands to bleſs?
Or could they boaſt of ſuch refulgent Rays,
As thoſe which beam, or in his Godhead blaze?
Exalt his Name with Extacy of Soul;
Let Notes of Triumph ſound from Pole to Pole.
And tell to ev'ry Land, to ev'ry Tongue,
The God you ſing, the God who ſwells your Song;
Nor ceaſe to praiſe till Death ſhall cloſe your Eyes,
And ſome kind Angel hail you thro' the Skies;
Where you'll behold, with one delightful View,
Your God in Glory,—Things you never knew,
And louder ſing, inflam'd with heav'nly Fire,
His Wiſdom, Pow'r, and Grace, with all the Choir.

⁂

ON HEARING THE

PASSING-BELL

FOR A PERSON WHO DIED SUDDENLY,

NOVEMBER TWENTIETH, 1779.

> " Death's thouſand Doors ſtand open——"
>
> *BLAIR.*

HArk ! hark ! methinks I hear the deep ton'd Bell !
It's hollow Sound in doleful Accents tell,
A Soul Immortal's ſoar'd beyond the Sky,
And fled from Time into Eternity.

ALPHONSO's gone ! He's now reſign'd his Breath,
His Pulſe has ceas'd ; his Eyes are clos'd in Death :
But yeſterday he join'd the buſt'ling Train,
Enjoy'd his Health, nor felt an aching Pain ;
His active Limbs his Web and Loom could ply,
And ſwift as Light'ning make his Shuttle fly :*
But now, (O ſolemn Thought !) the Scene is chang'd ;
Before the dread Tribunal he's arraign'd.
Thoſe Eyes which once beheld yon blazing Sun,
Now ſees his God upon his awful Throne ;
He's paſt the ſolemn Teſt, he knows his Fate ;
Bliſs divine, or dire Deſpair t' endleſs Date.

My

---

* He was a WEAVER by Occupation.

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My heav'nly Muſe, awake ! riſe up and fly ;
The Years revolve ; Eternity draws nigh.
One gentle Touch can ſnap Life's ſlender Thread,
And lay thy Body with the mould'ring dead.

Important Thought ! O may it pierce thy Heart,
Leſt Death this Night ſhould hurl his pointed Dart !
Rightly adorn thy Lamp, be found prepar'd,
When darkſome Mid-night's ſolemn Cry is heard.—
Then at the Cloſe of vaſt momentous Time,
Thou'lt ſmile at ghaſtly Death, with Joy ſublime :
And calm recline the Soul on Jeſus' Breaſt,
And die in Peace, and be for ever bleſt.

◆

An EPITAPH,

COMPOSED TO BE INSCRIBED UPON THE TOMB-STONE *OF A FRIEND.*

HERE, O ye Living! caſt a ſerious Eye,
Review my Tomb, and learn what 'tis to die;
For ere To-Morrow's burning Sun may ſhine,
The Monſter, Death, may lay your Heads with mine.
In Life's full Bloom, I heard his dread Command,
And ſunk beneath his pale deſtroying Hand;
Nor can the moſt Robuſt eſcape the Blow,
For ALL muſt die, and Things eternal know.

CONTENTMENT.

I. TIMOTHY, 6 Chap. 6, 8 verſes.

I.

AWAKE, my Soul, awake, and riſe,
And ſing a gracious God;
Whoſe Hand thy ev'ryWant ſupplies,
And ſends Thee ev'ry Good.

II.

Let Prayer aſcend beyond the Sky,
Thy grateful Off'rings bring;
While Moments, Months, and Years do fly,
Adore th' eternal King.

III.

Ah! who can tell his wond'rous Name?
A God for ever near!
May all thy Pow'rs in ſacred Flame,
His Kindneſs round declare.

IV.

Accept what he beſtows with Love,
And ſweetly act thy Part;
The Bleſſings of his Hand improve,
And keep them on thy Heart.

V.

Tho' ſome of larger Gifts can tell,
Let not a Murmur riſe;
But bleſs his Name, and loudly ſwell
Thy Notes, to reach the Skies.

VI.

Thy anxious Thoughts that roam around,
Can't add one Cubit more,
Cauſe Wealth or Riches to abound,
Or fill thy Barns with Store.

VII.

Then raiſe thy Notes with thankful Tongue,
And all compos'd reſign;
Then Years will ſmoothly roll along,
And Peace and Joy be thine.

⁂

SELF-ABASEMENT.

“ Look down, great God, with Pity's ſofteſt Eye,
“ On a poor breathing Particle in Duſt.
“ His Crimes forgive : forgive his Virtues too,
“ Thoſe *ſmaller Faults, half Converts* to the right.

YOUNG.

I.

ETERNAL God! of mighty Pow'r,
Whoſe Name is known from Shore to Shore,
Look down from thy celeſtial Seat,
And view a Rebel at thy Feet.

II.

With humble Fear, I lift mine Eyes;
I vent my Soul in Groans and Sighs:
Abas'd in Duſt, my ſins confeſs,
And plead for Strength and Right'ouſneſs.

III.

But how ſhall I draw nigh to Thee,
Thou God of ſpotleſs Purity?
My num'rous Faults aloud do call
For Wrath upon my Head to fall.

IV.

I mention not my Right'ouſneſs,
But thine own all-ſufficient Grace;
While empty'd of myſelf I lie,
A Rebel, who deſerves to die.

V.

Bleſt be thy Name! thy Praiſe be ſpread;
No flaming Sword has ſtruck me dead;
But ſpar'd by thy long-ſuff'ring Hand,
On praying Ground I yet do ſtand.

VI.

Withold thy Hand in Mercy ſtill,
Thy gracious Self to me reveal;
O fill my Soul with Life divine,
And rouſe theſe drowſy Pow'rs of mine!

◆

REFLECTIONS

Reflections on the ſtarry Heavens.

" ——————The glitt'ring Stars,
" By the deep Ear of Meditation heard,
" Still in their midnight Watches ſing of GOD."
THOMPSON.

AWAKE, my Muſe! ſurvey with raptur'd Eye,
Heav'n's wide expanded, glitt'ring Canopy.
Thro' the vaſt Void, yon ſparkling Orbs of Light,
Shine with a Luſtre, grand, ſupremely bright.

From Eaſt to Weſt, they roll the azure Road,
And loud proclaim the Majeſty of God.
Obſerve their Order; how in conſtant Rounds,
They ſpread his Glory thro' their ample Bounds.

The ſplendid Moon exalts her ſilver Mein,
And in her beauteous Face his Name is ſeen.
A Ray refulgent darts from ev'ry Star,
And ſpeaks his Praiſe to unknown Lands afar.

But when bright Phœbus ſhews his radiant Face,
And thro' the vaſt Expanſion beams his Rays,
Their milder Luſtre gently fades away,
Diſſolv'd and vaniſh'd in the Blaze of Day.

How wond'rous HE, who form'd yon Lights on high,
Who ſtretch'd abroad the beauteous azure Sky!
What ſplended Luſtre muſt adorn the Place,
Where He enthron'd, ſhews his Majeſtic Face!

Such Beams of Glory ſhine around him there,
They'd drown the Luſtre of the brighteſt Star:
Ten thouſand *Suns*, with their united Rays,
Would ſink to nought before the glorious Blaze.

An

AN ELEGY

ON THE DEATH OF

Mr. JOHN WRIGHT, Junior,

SUTTON in ASHFIELD,

Who chearfully committed his SOUL to GOD,

MARCH 30th, 1780, AGED 50 YEARS.

> " ——————————How calm his *Exit* !
> " Night Dews fall not more gently to the Ground,
> " Nor weary worn-out Winds expire ſo ſoft."
>
> *BLAIR.*

HARK! a deep, a ſolemn Toll ſalutes m' Ears,
And thro' the void PHILANDER's Death declares!
The awful Signal ſtrikes my penſive Soul,
While mournful Thoughts like ſurging Billows roll.

Alas! my worthy Friend has bow'd his Head;
His Soul is gone; he's number'd with the Dead.
In yonder Grave his mortal Frame's conſign'd,
Within a Coffin's narrow Bounds confin'd.

But ceaſe, my Soul, theſe ſad, theſe deep-fetch'd Sighs,
Let Grief no more in Anguiſh drown thine Eyes;
But riſe, and call for ſome kind Angel's Aid,
To ſing the ſweet, the noble End he made.

Thro' Life's bewilder'd Path he graceful trod,
With Thoughts intenſely fixt on Jacob's God.
With rolling Time he kept a ſteady Pace,
And as it flew, he grew in ev'ry Grace.
By ſlow Degrees his Conſtitution wore,
And oft foretold that Life would ſoon be o'er;
And Death, the King of Terrors, act his Friend,
Diſſolve the Tie, and make his Sorrows end:—
At length he came, commiſſion'd from on high,
And gently whiſp'ring, told him he muſt die:
Ah!—joyful News unto my Soul, he cries!
And ſmiles at Death with Triumph in his Eyes.
Welcome, my Friend!—Jehovah's Will I 'bey:
Thy Javelin plunge, and let me quit the Clay.
He long'd, he wiſh'd to bathe in Jordan's Flood,
To reach th' immortal Shore, and be with God.
The yawning Grave could ne'er his Soul affright,
Nor blaſt the Hopes he had to Realms of Light.
His ſteady Soul, no Fear, no Terror knew,
But kept the pleaſing Proſpect in his View.
When Pains of keeneſt Anguiſh multiply'd,
When Nature fail'd, when all his Veins were dry'd,
He rais'd his feeble Voice, and bleſt his God,
And triumph'd in the Merits of his Blood.[*]

---

[*] Had the ſcoffing Infidel, or the abandoned Profligate, who account Religion enthuſiaſtic Cant, been at the Death-bed of my departed Friend, they would have ſeen a ſufficient Teſtimony to convince them of its REALITY. Though he was afflicted with a long and painful Illneſs, till his Body was emaciated almoſt to a meagre Skeleton, and at the concluding Period of his Life, when his Anguiſh kept increaſing through the Influence of his violent Diſorder, he was never heard to utter a murmuring Word, but always expreſſed a more than common Thankfulneſs to, and Chearfulneſs in his God. With a Hope, full of Immortality, built upon the Rock of eternal Ages, he could caſt his Eyes into Eternity, and in the Language of Triumph cry, "O DEATH! WHERE IS "THY STING?---O GRAVE! WHERE IS THY VICTORY?---THE "STING

Then ruſh'd a flaming Seraph from his Seat,
And downward came to make his Bliſs complete.
The noble Herald, cloth'd in bright Array,
Swift bears him homeward thro' the ſtarry Way.
He mounts!—and thro' th' immortal Door he flies,
And takes Poſſeſſion of eternal Joys.

Ah! happy Change! His Days of grief are o'er!
He's now at Eaſe, on yonder bliſsful Shore;
Array'd in Robes waſh'd white in Jeſus' Blood,
He ſits with Saints around the Throne of God;
And tunes his golden Harp to nobleſt Strains,
And pours his Notes of Praiſe along the Plains.

Come then, ye weeping Friends, no longer mourn,
But look with chearful Eyes upon his Urn.
Let ev'ry Tear be dried; compos'd reſign:
He's only call'd from Earth to Joys divine.
Why then ſhould Grief, ſhould Sorrow heave your Breaſt,
Since he's releas'd, and ſo completely bleſt?
O kiſs the Rod! and eye the Providence,
And ſtand prepar'd, when God ſhall call *you* hence.

Faithful

"Sting of Death is Sin, and the Strength of Sin is
"the Law; but Thanks be to God, who giveth us the
"Victory through our Lord Jesus Christ." —He knew,

"Death's but a Path that muſt be trod,
"If Man would ever paſs to God."

[PARNELL.]

The Thoughts of dying did not ſhake his Confidence; but a View of a crucified Saviour ſweetened every Pang, and rendered Death a welcome Meſſenger.

"This, only this, ſubdues the Fear of Death."

YOUNG.

Faithful obey the Dictates of his Will,
And tread the Road which leads to Zion's Hill;
Nor let the World with its Amuſements draw
Your Souls from God, or his eternal Law.

Then when you ſtand upon the Brink of Death,
Or come to breathe your laſt departing Breath;
Some miſſion'd Seraph from the Realms of Day,
With Pinions ſtretch'd, will bear your Souls away,
To the celeſtial World of perfect Peace,
Eternal Glory, and conſummate Bliſs;
Where with your Friend you'll ſit around the Throne,
And loudly praiſe your God for what he's done.

VERSES,

Compoſed to be SUNG at the INTERMENT of

WILLIAM WARD,

SUTTON in ASHFIELD,

MAY 7th, 1780, AGED 4 YEARS.

> " Happy the Babe, who privileg'd by Fate,
> " To ſhorter Labour, and a lighter Weight,
> " Receiv'd but Yeſterday the Gift of Breath,
> " Order'd To-morrow to return to Death."
>
> *PRIOR.*

I.

ALAS! how frail, how ſhort the Span!
That God on Earth allots to Man:
Our Months and Years fly ſwift away,
And haſten on, tho' we delay.

II.

W' are pleas'd awhile with trifl'ing Toys,
And feaſt our Souls with fading Joys;
Till Death the ſable Mantle draws,
And claſps us in his iron Jaws.

III.

When once commiſſion'd from on high,
The boaſting Warriors droop and die;
Monarchs and Kings enthron'd in State,
Obey, and on the Summons wait.

This

IV.

This feeble Infant of the Earth,
With Sorrow trod the rugged Path;
He felt the Shaft within his Side,
Piercing his Soul till Nature died.

V.

Yet tho' he's dead, he loudly ſpeaks;
His Voice from yonder Coffin breaks;
" Man, thou art mortal, and muſt die,
" And meet thy God on yonder Sky!

VI.

O the Importance of that Hour,
When Death ſtands ready to devour;
When all beneath theſe lower Skies,
Shall ever vaniſh from our Eyes.

VII.

In vain our Friends may weep around,
And wiſh our Stay on earthly Ground:
Touch'd by the Hand of God we die,
And leave the World and them to ſigh.

VIII.

But where, ah where! ſhall we appear,
When call'd away from all that's dear?
Or whither ſhall our Spirits go,
To endleſs Bliſs, or endleſs Woe?

IX.

Cleanſe us O God! with Blood divine;
Renew our Hearts, and make us thine;
That when th' important Hour ſhall come,
Our Souls may triumph o'er the Tomb.

X.

Ah! then we bid the World adieu,
Nor fear what ghaſtly Death can do;
We feel a Tranſport in our Breaſt,
And die to be for ever bleſt.

A MORNING HYMN.

> " Awake : the Morning ſhines, and the freſh Field
> " Calls you !———————————"
>
> *MILTON.*

I.

BEHOLD the Sun adorns the Sky,
And darts his chearing Rays on high !
From Eaſt to Weſt, in glorious March,
He gilds the wide expanſive Arch.

II.

The warbling Larks in Triumph mount,
And all the Scenes of Morn recount ;
While ſounding Groves and Vallies ring
With Praiſe to Heav'n's eternal King.

III.

Begin, my Soul, thy Morning Song ;
Let Thankfulneſs inſpire thy Tongue :
The Kindneſs of thy God proclaim,
And tell the Wonders of his Name.

IV.

Sing how his Hand thy Life defends,
And for thy guard his Angel ſends :
Exalted praiſe him, and adore,
Till rolling Time ſhall be no more.

V.

Yes ! O my God ! thy glorious Name,
My Soul ſhall thro' the Day proclaim ;
I'll bear thy Kindneſs on my Heart,
While ev'ry Pow'r performs its Part.

VI.

Thou Son of Right'ouſneſs ariſe,
With Beams divine from yonder Skies :
Be thou my Light ; O guide my Way,
Nor ever let my Footſteps ſtray.

VII.

As Nights and Days in courſe return,
O may my Love more fiercely burn !
And when my Moments ceaſe to fly,
May I Triumphant mount the Sky,

Thoughts on the Reſurrection, Aſcenſion, and Interceſſion of Chriſt.

" O the burſt Gates ! cruſh'd Sting ! demoliſh'd Throne !
" Laſt Gaſp of vanquiſh'd Death. Shout Earth and Heav'n!
" This Sum of Good to Man——————."

YOUNG.

AWAKE, O Muſe ! come ſtrike thy tuneful Lyre !
Thy Saviour, Jeſus, ſing with heav'nly Fire.
To him exalted Notes of Honor ſound,
And ſpread his Name the ſpacious World around.

Worthy is He, for e'er to be ador'd,
By Saints on high, by all that know the Lord ;
His Ways, his Works,—the Wonders of his Hand,
Immortal Strains of Love, and Praiſe demand.

Fly ſwiftly down, ye Seraphs, touch my Tongue,
And aid my Soul to form an equal Song.
O may my Heart be kindled to a Flame !
And all my Pow'rs tranſported ſpeak his Name.

Ah ! now the bleſt Redeemer's Work is done,
Which he to reſcue Man in Love begun ;
On yonder Mount, his ſacred Head he bow'd ;
He paid the Debt which we to Juſtice ow'd.
HE, Lord of All, who gave Creation birth,
Who form'd this vaſt ſtupendous Fabric, Earth,

BIBLIOTHECA·BODLEIANA·

Was buried deep within the hollow Ground,
Fetter'd by Death, by Mounds enclos'd around :
But view, my Soul, the conquering Hero riſe !
He breaks the Iron Chains, aſcends the Skies,
With Marks of Honor to his Father, God,
And cloath'd in Garments ſtain'd ; yea roll'd in blood.

Illuſtrious King ! join all ye Saints to tell,
How great his Victory o'er the Powers of Hell !
See him aſcend in Triumph thro' the Sky,
While all the heav'nly Portals open fly !
Seraphs exalted chant his wond'rous Name,
And round th' eternal Arch his Works proclaim.
All hail ! thou Prince of Peace ; for ever bleſt !
They ſing aloud with Tranſport in their Breaſt :
And 'midſt the Strains of their ten Thouſand Tongues,
His Throne aſcends, and more inſpires their Songs.

Now on his radiant Throne, exalted high,
His Glories beam refulgent round the Sky.
Ah ! there he ſits !—the Croſs, the Nails no more
Shall pierce his Soul, or draw the Purple gore :
Kindly he pleads for thoſe for whom he died ;
He ſhews his Nail-prints, and his wounded Side.

O pleaſing Thought !—He bears his People's Part,
And pleads their Cauſe with Sympathy of Heart.
If Juſtice lifts his Hand ; uplifts his Rod,
To ſcourge them for their Sins, he ſhews his Blood.
My Father, God, he cries, avert the Blow,
Look on thy purchas'd Sons, and Pity ſhew,
I bought them with my Blood ; my Blood divine ;
Tho' they have ſin'd, forgive, for they are mine :
Jeſus prevails—the Father's Bowels move,
And now he drops the Rod, and looks with Love.

CHRIST,

The FOUNDATION of his CHURCH.

ISAIAH 28. 16.—MATTHEW 16. 18.

GLORY to Thee, O thou who rul'ſt the Skies;
Father of all; Omnipotent! All-wiſe!
May Souls immortal ever ſound thy Praiſe,
And to thy Name a Song of Honour raiſe.
Swell, ſwell your Notes, ye Sons of Adam's Race,
And ſing of Love divine, and ſov'reign Grace;
With all the Wonders which his Arm diſplay'd,
When he the Rock of Man's Salvation laid!

Had I, my God; had I ten thouſand Tongues,
I'd ſound them forth in Harmony of Songs:
My thrilling Notes acroſs the World ſhould fly,
Fill ev'ry Vale, and echo to the Sky.
But how can finite Man, can finite Mind,
Form equal Songs, or Words ſufficient find?
Should we attempt to tell his wond'rous Name,
Our Souls muſt fly, and catch a Seraph's Flame.

O thou my Soul! in Admiration riſe!
On Zion's Baſe with Wonder fix thine Eyes.
How precious is the Stone which God has laid,
And firmer than the Heav'ns Foundations made,
For Man to build upon; his Soul to reſt,
While Hopes of Bliſs and Glory fire his Breaſt.

Here we may caſt our everlaſting All,
And be ſecure; tho' Rocks and Mountains fall:
Fixt in the Purpoſe of Jehovah's Mind,
For what eternal Counſel has deſign'd,
It moveleſs ſtands; tho' Tempeſts beat around,
And ſtrong Convulſions ſhake the ſolid Ground.

A Meditation on the Completion of the Church of Chriſt.

PSALM 102. 16. When the Lord ſhall build up Zion, then ſhall he appear in his Glory.

ZECH. 4. 7. He ſhall bring forth the head Stone thereof with Shouting.

FROM Earth, my Soul, a Moment turn thine Eyes,
And raiſe thy Thoughts beyond th' ethærial Skies!
Review exulting, that delightful Day,
When there will be a full, a rich diſplay,
Of the refulgent Glories of a God,
With all the Wonders of redeeming Blood.

Ah! then,—at that long wiſh'd-for happy Morn,
When Earth will from her ſolid Baſe be torn,
The Saints will ſit in Triumph at his Feet,
While their Salvation's render'd quite complete.

In penſive Gloom we paſs our fleeting Hours,
And feel a Clog to all our vital Pow'rs;
We moan in Sadneſs, with dejected eyes,
While Clouds o'erſpread, and new Temptations riſe;
But then we ſhall, exult, be freed from all;
And loſt in deep Amaze adoring fall.
There in the Preſence of the heav'nly King,
They'll raiſe their Voice, and of his Glory ſing;
Unbounded Notes will echo round the Plains,
While Love divine is mingled with their Stains.

Ah! now the Top-ſtone of the Church is laid;
The noble Structure quite complete is made;
'Tis poliſh'd off with more than earthly Art,
And made refulgent bright in ev'ry Part:
While the mad Tribes, who in Rebellion roſe,
Deſpis'd his Word, and ſtrove the Work t' oppoſe,
Are headlong plung'd to Hell's deep Concave wide,
Where Floods of Vengeance roll on either Side.

See now, the God, the Father of Mankind,
Who laid the Plan in his eternal Mind,
Review the painful Suff'rings of his Son,
Well pleas'd to ſee the Work ſo nobly done.
His Eyes at once pervade the bliſsful Place;
He counts the Number of his choſen Race,
And finds them all complete in Glory ſhine,
From Sin ſet free, and waſh'd in Blood divine.

All-hail! ye Saints; their God, their Father cries!
While Notes of Angels rend the ſounding Skies;
Aſcend your Thrones, whoſe Glories never fade,
Prepar'd e'er Man was form'd, or Worlds were made:
With me ye ſhall eternal Ages live,
And full poſſeſs whate'er my Hands can give.

A DESIRE

That the Truths of God may be made known,

And Sinners turned from their wicked Ways.

I.

ETERNAL God! for ever bleſt!
Of Grace and Pow'r divine poſſeſs'd;
Supreme around the World ride forth,
And ſpread thy Truths from South to North.
O make the Lands know Thee, their Lord;
Thy wond'rous Grace, thy ſacred Word!
Let Light divine refulgent riſe,
And chaſe the Darkneſs from their Eyes.

II.

We mourn, O Lord! we mourn to ſee,
So few that pay their Vows to Thee;
That glorify thy wond'rous Name,
By whom they firſt to Being came.
Ah! how they ſin, from Day to Day!
Let Pride, and Luſt, and Paſſion ſway;
Nor e'er regard thy glorious Cauſe,
But trample on thy right'ous Laws.

III.

Up to thy Throne we lift our Eyes,
While Prayers, while Supplications riſe;
That thou would'ſt ſov'reign Grace diſplay,
And turn them from their wicked Way.
O that they knew the End of Sin!
And felt thy Spirit work within:
Then would they praiſe thy Name divine,
And ſhew to all, that they are thine.

TO A FRIEND,

ON

CHRISTMAS-DAY.

ARISE, my Friend, and cheerful raiſe thy Voice!
Come let us ſing, in ZION's KING rejoice;
And o'er the wide, expanſive Plains proclaim,
The Wonders of his great, his glorious Name.

While others jovial chant with cheerful Tongues,
And rend the Taverns with their filthy Songs;
Or ſpend the Day carouſing o'er their Bowls,
To drink down Mirth, or feaſt their ſordid Souls;
Let us triumphant lift our Voices high,
Inflam'd with Raptures of divineſt Joy,
And tell the liſt'ning Tribes who hear us ſing,
What Bleſſings flow from our INCARNATE KING.

Ah! my dear Friend; did we their Worth more know,
And catch the Sweets as they redundant flow,
Our Souls would 'riſe above terreſtrial Joys,
And leave the Things of Earth, with all their Noiſe;
Or Seraph like, ſuch tuneful Accents raiſe,
To charm the vileſt Soul to ſing his praiſe.

Moſt of Mankind the ſacred Truth confeſs,
And meet at Church, (they ſay) his Name to bleſs:

A noble Aim !—'tis worth ten Thouſand Songs ;
It claims the higheſt Praiſe from mortal Tongues !
And tho' they ſing from Morn till duſky Night,
And ſwell their Notes to yon ethæreal Height,
Or ſtretch them o'er the World from South to North,
(Loſt in the Maze) they could not tell its Worth.

Then, O my Friend! let us for ever riſe,
And riſing, ſing with Hearts and lifted Eyes ;
Nor reſt content with only *one* poor Day,
To muſe on Scenes which beam ſuch rich Diſplay ;
But while the Years their circling Courſes move,
Let us adore, and live abſorb'd in Love.

* * *

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TO THE
HYPOCRITICAL PROFESSOR
Of RELIGION.

“ A Death-bed's a Detecter of the Heart.
“ Here, tir'd Diſſimulation drops her Maſk,
“ Thro' Life's Grimace, that Miſtreſs of the Scene!
“ Here, Real and Appearant are the ſame.
“ You ſee the Man; you ſee his Hold on Heav'n.”

YOUNG.

MY ſacred Muſe in Sorrow weeps to ſee,
O God of Grace! how Mortals worſhip Thee.
How ſome in Zion vainly lift their Eyes
To thy divine Abode, on yonder Skies,
And make their Boaſt of Heav'n; but, O to tell!
The Paths they tread, lead down to Death and Hell.
Proudly they ſtrive to *act* the Chriſtian's Part,
And round declare the Goodneſs of their Heart;
While they are Slaves to Luſt, thoſe Fires within,
And Day to Day indulge themſelves in Sin.

Good God! aſſiſt my Muſe with Pow'r divine,
Be thou my Teacher, and dictate the Line,
To make the Hypocrite in Zion know,
What Wrath's laid up for him in Hell below.

Riſe then, O Man! while yet thou'ſt Breath, ariſe,
Attentive hear, learn Wiſdom, and be wiſe!

Ah! know that HE, thy great Creator, God,
Who made the World, and ſways it with a Nod,
Beholds th' amazing Space from Pole to Pole,
And knows the Secrets of the inmoſt Soul.
Nocturnal Scenes, and all beneath the Skies,
Quite naked lie to his omnicient Eyes.
Thou may'ſt by Art, attempt thy Friends to blind,
Or ſhew by Modes, how well thou art inclin'd;
While ev'ry Look, with Sanctity of Face,*
Appears to them diſtinguiſh'd Marks of Grace.
But ah! he knows thy Thoughts conceiv'd within,
Thy ſecret Faults, and various Acts of Sin;
All are expos'd, are open to his Sight,
And never lie conceal'd in Shades of Night.

Wretch that thou art! How dar'ſt thy Soul preſume,
To make a Boaſt, or vaunt of Joys to come?
How dar'ſt thou ſay thy Mountain ſtands ſecure;
That thou'ſt a Right to Heav'n's immortal Shore?

---

* If we were to form our Ideas of Religion by the OUTWARD Appearance, theſe People would be eſteemed the moſt pious and devout. In their Attendance upon divine Ordinances, what Gravity ſeems to poſſeſs their Souls! Every Feature is expreſſive of contemplative Awe! Sure! ſays the ignorant Beholder; theſe muſt be Chriſtians! they carry the Marks of it about with them. No ſuch Thing, Sir! theſe are Evidences of no ſuch Matter! Would you form a right Judgment, obſerve their Line of CONDUCT in Life: what EFFECT divine Things have upon their HEARTS. Are they Covetous; Bad Servants; Bad Maſters?--Can they, upon particular Occaſions, take the Name of God in vain; or act contrary to the Rules of Equity and Juſtice?---Is this CHRISTIANITY? Or, are theſe the Perſons who are dignified with the Character of THE SONS OF GOD?---I bluſh at the Idea!---We may ſet it down as a ſelf evident Prepoſition, That thoſe who make a Profeſſion of Religion, and LIVE under the Influence of any KNOWN Sin, are NOT Chriſtians; but may juſtly be ſtiled, THE CHILDREN OF THE DEVIL. 1 JOHN 3. 8. By their WORKS, ſays the Oracle of Truth, ye ſhall KNOW them!

Or that the Bliſs which Angels now poſſeſs,
Belongs to Thee, while thou his Laws tranſgreſs?
Baniſh the Thought; thou mad, preſumptuous Man!
Such Hopes are falſe; ſuch Thoughts are only vain!
What! (ſurprizing!) What! boaſt of Sins forgiv'n
Or plead with Confidence a Right to Heav'n,
While quite a Stranger to the Grace of God;
Delug'd in Sin; poluted in thy Blood?—
Infatuation this! Madneſs indeed!
'T muſt make a Heathen bluſh! a Rock to bleed!
And cauſe the vileſt Infidel t' exclaim,
Religion is a Blank,—an empty Name!*

Say, ye exalted Saints, ye Sons of Bliſs!
Ye noble Trophies of victorious Grace,

---

* Amongſt the various Claſſes of Mankind, the HYPOCRITE is the moſt deteſtible. Many ſerious and ſenſible Minds have been hurt for the Reflections that have been caſt on Religion, on their Account. Many there are in the World, who to Appearance have ſet out well, and the Ardour of whoſe Affections exceeded that of Numbers. But after a ſhort Standing, their Affections began to grow cold and lanquid; divine Ordinances, a Matter of Indifference; domeſtic Duties, perhaps totally neglected; and tired of a religious Life, threw the Maſk of Piety aſide, and like the Sow that was waſhed, returned to wallow in the Mire of Luſt and Senſuality. And what has been the Conſequence?—Why; by the Ignorant, the Vulgar, and the Prophane, Religion has been conſidered as nothing, and ſtigmatized with every odious Name Imagination could invent. Such a one, ſay they, who ſtood remarked for ſingular Piety, is now become as vile as the worſt; theſe religious People are all alike, (baſe and hypocritical) and only make a Profeſſion of, and ſtir about Religion to cover their Sins. How abſurd is ſuch a Concluſion! Let me aſk, (and I appeal to the common Senſe of Mankind) is Religion nothing, becauſe of the Conduct of an INDIVIDUAL?—Is it to be conſidered as a Covering for the Sins of ALL Profeſſors, becauſe ONE has made it ſo?—Why?—Ah! but ſay you, this is not the Caſe with an INDIVIDUAL; it is ſo with NUMBERS. Be it ſo: I will ſuppoſe THOUSANDS. But is this a convincing Proof?—Or does this evidence the Religion of Jeſus to be nothing, becauſe ſome have fallen from the PROFESSION, who never had the POSSESSION of it in their Souls. On the contrary, it is an Evidence of its being GENUINE: a Counterfeit always ſuppoſes a REALITY.

Who ſit arrang'd around the Throne of God,
Exulting in the bleſt Redeemer's Blood,
Is ſuch a Man, a Soul ſo vile within,
Fit for a Place ſo glorious and divine?—

Liſten! methinks the Sky empyrean rends!
An Angel ſpeaks! his Voice from Heav'n deſcends,
And ſounding ſpreads thro' all the Climes of Earth,
To ev'ry Land, to ev'ry World beneath,
Impoſſible?—I bluſh his Name to hear,
A Soul ſo vile will never enter here!
Was it to be, my reſidence I'd move,
Or mount up higher in the Realm of Love,
And ſhun his Company. I could not join
My Voice with his, to ſing of Love divine.
'Twould damp my Theme, 'twould quite deſtroy my Joy,
To ſpend a vaſt, a long Eternity,
In chanting with a Soul who died in Sin,
A Stranger to my God, and Grace within:
And ſo 'twould ſpoil the higheſt Seraph's Bliſs,
And cauſe eternal Jargon thro' the Place.

Hear then, thou Hypocrite! if Angels ſhew
Such ſtedfaſt Hate, what will Jehovah do?—
Tremble, O Man! how will his fury riſe,
And Juſtice angry, drive him thro' the Skies!
He'll lift his Arm while his loud Thunders roll,
And pour a Flood of Vengeance on thy Soul.

Softly, my Friend! methinks I hear Thee cry!
You ſpeak in Haſte, and carry Things too high.
No fears alarming e're poſſeſs my Breaſt,
Of Death and Hell——of looſing endleſs Reſt.

Frequent at his bleſt Houſe do I appear,
To raiſe my Voice in Songs, his Word to hear;
And multitudes around me, know I pray,
At th' Ope' of Morn, and at the Shut of Day.
I talk of Jeſus Chriſt and Things divine;
My Gifts ſuperior to my Neighbours ſhine.
And num'rous Acts of Charity I've done.
The Poor they bleſs me, and my Goodneſs own.
Sure, I'm an Object of Jehovah's Love;
And he'll in Judgment's awful Day approve.
Here is my Hope, my Truſt; nor need I fear;
For he'll reward me for my Doing's here.
He's not ſo ſtrict to notice ev'ry Sin,
Or bring to Judgments Thoughts conceiv'd within:
A God of Mercy, will his Mercy ſhew,
And own the Works and Deeds I do below.

And is this all, my Friend, that thou canſt boaſt?
Is this thy Hope, and this thy only Truſt?
O check the Thoughts! nor vaunt of Things like theſe;
Or vainly think with them thy God to pleaſe:
They only call for Judgment from the Skies,
And make his Wrath, and make his Vengeance riſe.
A God that's juſt, he ſits upon his Throne,
And ſmiles, but where's the Image of his Son.
The Works, the Ways, the Deeds that pleaſe him beſt,
Are ſuch as flow from Grace within the Breaſt:
Or done from Principles that are divine,
And not with *Self* in View —— a curſt Deſign!
All that thou do'ſt, thy 'bedience to his Laws,
Is but to gain thy Neighbour's good Applauſe,
And ſtand remark'd as one of Jeſus' Throng,
With happy Canaan's Language on thy Tongue.

How ſtrange thy Thoughts ! What ! will he take delight,
In ſordid Souls,—a Wretch,—a Hypocrite ?
Deluſion ſad !—my Friend, it cannot be,
Unleſs he throws aſide his Purity.
As ſoon ſhall yonder Sun withdraw his Light,
And veil himſelf in black eternal Night :
The glitt'ring Orbs that roll the azure Sky,
Shall ruſh with ſpeed, and in Confuſion die,
And all the brazen Props of Nature fall,
While ſinks to nought this vaſt ſtupendous Ball.

O that thy Soul would riſe, with Heart ſincere,
And ſeek the Lord with Fervency of Prayer !
Nor dream of Heav'n, nor dream of Bliſs divine ;
Or fancy while in Sin, that God is thine.

Reflect, my Friend ! O realize the Day,
When he from Earth will call thy Soul away !
What then thy State ?—Oh ! then with what Surprize,
Thou'lt ſtand before his Face on yonder Skies,
To hear him in tremendous Majeſty,
Pronounce Thee damn'd—and damn'd for e'er to die.
Can'ſt thou eſcape his Vengeance, or his Wrath,
By pleading all the Works thou did'ſt on Earth ?
Ah ! no, my Friend !—no Man he'll ever own,
Or give a Place with Angels round his Throne ;
Unleſs he's veſted with his Right'ouſneſs,
And cleans'd from Sin by pure renewing Grace.

Reſt not content in Forms, in outward Shew,
In Flights of Fancy, or in Paſſions glow ;
But pray the Spirit to perform his Part ;
Convince, convert, and ſanctify thy Heart :

The Blood of the great Sacrifice apply,
And give an Earneſt of eternal Joy.

Then wilt thou ſtand approv'd at the great Day,
When Earth, and Skies, and all ſhall flee away;
With Saints and Angels be for ever bleſt,
While Songs of Tranſport fire thy raptur'd Breaſt.

◆

SELF-DEDICATION.

I.

O Thou who ſit'ſt enthron'd on high,
Who rul'ſt the Earth, who rul'ſt the Sky,
And call'ſt all Nature thine!
I bow my Knee before thy Throne,
Confeſs thy Name, thy Greatneſs own,
And with Submiſſion all I have, into thy Hands reſign.

II.

Thou art my Portion and my God;
My Soul's the Purchaſe of thy Blood;
And all my Hope's in Thee:
O give me Strength and Right'ouſneſs,
While forward to the Mark I preſs,
And with thy Promiſe in my Hand, thy Merits make my Plea!

III.

I keep in view the glorious Prize;
Eternal Bliſs beyond the Skies,
Where reigns my Saviour, King:
Dependent on thy Arm divine,
My Soul I own for ever thine,
And while this Earth is mine abode, redeeming Love I'll ſing.

IV.

O may the Work which thou'ſt begun
Within my Soul, be carried on,
With efficacious Pow'r!
Be thou the Guardian of my Youth,
Preſerve me ſteadfaſt in the Truth,
Till rolling Time ſhall ceaſe to fly, and Moments be no more.

V.

Then when the Scenes of Life are o'er,
Thy Work complete, and Sin no more,
My Soul with Thee ſhall reſt:
Immortal Strains will ſwell my Tongue;
Bleſſing and Praiſe be all my Song,
While with th' angelic Tribe I caſt my Crown, for ever bleſt.

⁂

CHEARFULNESS,

Amidſt the Storms of Life's tempeſtuous Sea.

MATTHEW 14. 27. Be of good Cheer.——

I.

YE Saints that croſs the Sea of Life,
'Midſt Storms, and boiſt'rous Waves of Strife,
Lift up your Heads with chearful Voice,
And in your Saviour's Name rejoice.

II.

His mighty Hand, his outſtretch'd Arm,
Directs the Tempeſt, and the Storm;
And with a Word, he can controul,
Or make the Billows ceaſe to roll.

III.

But hark! your Saviour, and your God,
With ſweeteſt Accents ſpeaks aloud,
And bids you Cheer amidſt their Rage:
O may it all your Fears aſſuage!

IV.

Tho' Light'nings flaſh, tho' Thunders ſound,
And roaring Tempeſts beat around,
He preſent ſtands on either Side;
Your great Protector, and your Guide.

V.

Then ride the Sea, with dauntleſs Soul,
Nor Fear, tho' Waves acroſs you roll;
For tho' you ſeem on Ruins brink,
While he is there, you'll never ſink.

On the HARVEST.

"————————Think, Oh! grateful think,
"How good the God of Harveſt is to you,
"Who pours Abundance o'er your flowing Fields."

THOMPSON.

ARISE, my Soul! in ſacred Tranſport riſe,
And raiſe a Song to reach the lofty Skies!
Come ſound the ſweeteſt Notes with raptur'd Soul,
From Eaſt to Weſt, acroſs the glowing Pole;
And let the diſtant Lands, and Nations hear,
How vaſt the Bleſſings of JEHOVAH are!

Survey the wide expanſive Fields around,
And ſee what plenteous Crops adorn the Ground!
The loaded Blade preſents a noble Sight,
And fills the Lab'rors Heart with ſweet Delight;
While gentle Zephers waft a gen'rous Air,
And God in Wonder crowns the growing Year.

On ev'ry Side beneath the ſmiling Skies,
We view the Fruit that ev'ry Want ſupplies.
The Rich, the Poor, the Emperor, and the King,
May raiſe their Voice, and Songs in Tranſport ſing;
For by its Sweets delicious they are fed,
While round the Fields, while thro' the World they tread.

Come then, ye num'rous Tribes, ye Sons of Earth,
And in exalted Songs employ your Breath!

Come ſound thro' all the ſpacious World abroad,
A plenteous Harveſt, and a gracious God:
That while your tuneful Notes, united riſe,
You fill the Earth, and ſpread around the Skies,
Let ev'ry pleaſing Scene impreſs your Mind,
With Love unfeigned to a Hand ſo kind;
And thro' your whole Deportment, Day to Day,
True Gratitude afford a rich Diſplay.

The CHRISTIAN,

Reflecting upon the Diſpenſations of Providence, and rejoicing in the Proſpect of a Releaſe from Sorrow.

ALMIGHTY God, the univerſal King!
Great Source of all, and Life's eternal Spring!
In yonder World, beyond our mortal Sight,
Thou fill'ſt a Throne, with Beams divinely bright:
The Wheels of Providence and Grace, turn'ſt round,
To execute thy Counſels,—deep, profound:
Nor can the moſt enlarg'd, capacious Mind,
With all its Pow'rs in ſearch, thy Wiſdom find.

Ten thouſand Scenes appear before our Eyes,
And Clouds returning, blacken round the Skies,
While painful Strokes of his chaſtiſing Hand
Are felt, as we tread thro' this deſert Land.
But dar'ſt thou riſe rebell'ous, O my Soul!
Thy Arm uplift, or think to bear Controul?
And call in queſtion what a God has done,
Or murmur at the Orders of his Throne?—

Be ſilent, ev'ry Thought! be huſh'd, be ſtill,
For He's Supreme, and does but what's his Will:
His Ways are right, his Arm is all divine,
In what he does, his Name doth glorious ſhine;
While to the right'ous Soul, that's waſh'd in Blood,
They are productive of ſome ſolid Good:
All-wiſe in Heart, he has ſome noble End,
To anſwer to his Child; his choſen Friend.

To him my Soul, then with Submiſſion bow,
And bear with Patience each chaſtiſing blow.
Acknowledge him amidſt the Rage of Strife,
A juſt Diſpoſer, and thy Guide thro' Life.

Yes, my kind Father! thou, my God! my all!
I kiſs thy Rod, and at thy Footſtool fall!
Tho' in Affliction's ſtate, the Fleſh complains,
My Hope's in thee——my God, my Saviour reigns.
By Faith, my Soul, the Hour can realize,
When thou from Earth, wilt call her to the Skies;
And lay this feeble Body in the Ground,
To reſt, till the laſt Trumpet's ſolemn ſound.

Ah! ſoon revolving Time will be no more!
And all the mournful Scenes of Life be o'er.
Then ſhall I go to yonder World of reſt,
With Jeſus dwell, and be for ever bleſt:
Immortal Bliſs, at his right Hand enjoy,
And Songs of Praiſe, my nobleſt Pow'rs employ.

⁂

The SOUL's Safety in the Hands of GOD.

I.

MY Soul, amidſt the Maze of Life,
In Storms, in Tempeſt, or in Strife,
To great Jehovah fly;
Into his Hands commit thy All,
And at his Feet adoring fall,
And thou ſhalt never die.

II.

His Arm can huſh the Tempeſt ſtill,
And make the Waves obey his Will,
Like Jordan's ancient Flood;
Which Iſrel paſs'd by his Command,
To take Poſſeſſion of the Land;
The promis'd Gift of God.

III.

Then march my Soul, march on with Joy,
Tho' Foes on ev'ry Side annoy,
And thick'ning Miſts ariſe;
He'll give thee equal Strength to fight,
He'll turn to Day, the Shades of Night,
And brighten all the Skies.

IV.

In his bleſt Hands, thy All's ſecure,
Thy Battle ſafe, thy Conqueſt ſure,
For he's a faithful God:
The ſharpeſt Darts that round thee fly,
'Tho' they may wound, ſhall ne'er deſtroy;
Thy Life is bought with Blood.

On the CLOSE of the OLD, and the beginning of the NEW YEAR.

" Our waſting Lives grow ſhorter ſtill,
" As Months and Years increaſe ;
" And ev'ry beating Pulſe we tell,
" Leaves but the Number leſs."

WATTS.

COME ſing my ſoul, with Notes of ſolemn ſound,
How ſwift the circling Years revolve around!
Quick as the Light'nings launch from yonder Sky,
Our Moments haſte, and in Succeſſion fly:
They come, and go; appear and diſappear,
And now, ah! now, is clos'd another Year.

O realize my Soul, that awful Hour,
When Time will ceaſe, and Moments be no more!
Important Thought! how terrible the Day,
When yonder vaſt Expanſe will melt away!
And Suns and Stars, be from their Orbits hurl'd,
While burning Flames conſume the ſpacious World.

Then, thou my Soul, muſt meet th' eternal God,
Enjoy his Smiles, or ſink beneath his Rod,
No more thou'lt raiſe thy Voice, as thou did'ſt here,
To ſing the Roll of Time, *a new born Year*:
Revolving Time and Seaſons, ceaſe to fly,
And all his boundleſs, vaſt Eternity.

Come then, ariſe, and bleſs a gracious God,
Who ſpar'd thy Life ſo long, with-held his Rod;
And open'd his exhauſtleſs Fountains wide,
While their rich Streams have roll'd on either Side.
Adore him for the Bleſſings of the paſt,
And ſpend *this Year*, as if it was thy laſt.
Draw in the Breath he gives, and eye his Ways,
Then breathe it back in Gratitude and Praiſe.
As ſteady as the Hours and Moments fly,
Be thou concern'd to live, and learn to die;
That the approach of next may fire thy Song,
And furniſh Matter to employ thy Tongue.

An HYMN of PRAISE to GOD for his preſerving and ſupporting Goodneſs.

I.

O Thou who ſit'ſt enthron'd on high,
Who rul'ſt the Earth, who rul'ſt the Sky!
My grateful Heart would ſing thy Praiſe,
And tell to ev'ry Land thy Ways.

II.

On ev'ry Side, on ev'ry Hand,
Thy kind, propitious Angels ſtand;
And tho' ten thouſand Arrows fly,
They ſhield and guard me leſt I die.

III.

From Day to Night, from Night to Day,
Thy Bleſſings flow along the Way;
In rich Indulgence I poſſeſs,
Surpriſing Good, ſurpriſing Grace.

VI.

I could, my God, thy Name adore,
And ſing, till I could ſing no more;
Goodneſs ſo vaſt, ſo infinite,
Inflames my Soul with ſweet Delight.

V.

But how ſhall I attempt thy Praiſe,
Or tuneful Notes ſufficient raiſe?
All that my feeble Tongue can do,
Falls ſhort of what I would beſtow.

VI.

Accept, O Lord! my humble Lay;
Thy Name I'll ſing from Day to Day:
O may it dwell upon my Tongue,
Until I join the Angel Song!

GOD and MAN
RECONCILED,
Through our LORD JESUS CHRIST.

" Bound ev'ry Heart! and ev'ry Boſom burn!
" Oh what a Scale of Miracles is here!
" Its loweſt Round, high planted in the Sky;
" Its tow'ring Summit loſt beyond the Thought
" Of Man or Angel——————."

YOUNG.

AWAKE, my Soul! my ſacred Muſe, ariſe,
Lift up thy Head with Pleaſure in thine Eyes:
Let ev'ry Nerve elated beat with Joy,
While Songs of Praiſe, thy chearful Thoughts employ.
Diſdain the empty Tales of Periods paſt,
Nor let thy Mind on fancied Scenes be caſt:
But act the moſt divine and noble Part,
And let Subſtantials only, tune thy Heart.

Come then my Muſe, begin thy wond'rous Song,
With moſt harmonious Raptures on thy Tongue:
And while Hiſtoricus his Tale relates,
And ſings of Peace between two earthly States,
Exalt thy Voice to more delightful Strains,
And ſound acroſs the wide extended Plains,
That Peace is made,'twixt Heav'n, and Worlds beneath.
Which once were doom'd to Vengeance and to Death.

When Man in Innocence, primeval ſtood,
He was in perfect Friendſhip with his God.
No painful Scenes of Woe diſturb'd his Breaſt,
But all around conſpir'd to make him bleſt.
His noble Soul was fill'd with Joy complete,
While Peace ſat ſmiling round his happy Seat.
But when he ſinn'd, the Cord of Love was broke,
And he was turn'd a Slave to Satan's Yoke.
Then he avow'd himſelf averſe to Good,
The Devil's Friend —— an Enemy to God;
And ſtop'd the Channel which convey'd his Joy,
That nought but Sin became, his chief, his whole Employ.

Surpriſing change! for now his angry God,
Reſolves to make him feel his mighty Rod;
While Juſtice ſtands in Majeſty array'd,
Denouncing heavy Curſes on his Head.

What muſt the Wretch, the Rebel Mortal do,
To ſhun his Vengeance, or avoid his Blow?
Can his own Arm ward off the Stroke of Death,
Or can he 'ſcape from Juſtice, or from Wrath?—
As well might he attempt to make a Sun;
Or pull that noble Day-Star from his Throne:
He might as ſoon Creation's Work deſtroy,
As by *himſelf* regain his former Joy,
And peaceful reconcile himſelf to God,
Or gain a right to Heav'n's divine Abode.

But wond'rous Grace! Jehovah condeſcends,
And from the Skies a Proclamation ſends,
That He'll his ſad, his ruin'd State reſtore,
And make it firmer than it was before;

His Arm of Pow'r, the dreadful Cauſe remove,
Which ſtops the pleaſing Intercourſe of Love.

This is, my Soul, the glad, the joyful Sound,
Which Goſpel Miniſters proclaim around;
By his Commiſſion to the Sons of Earth,
Who ſit in Darkneſs, and the Shades of Death.

He bids his Servants go thro' ev'ry Land,
And tell the Wonders of his mighty Hand.—
His Servants go, and all his Word obey,
And their great Meſſage ſhout along the Way:
How ere he form'd the World's amaſing Space,
Or fixt the Stars, or limits to the Seas,
He form'd a Plan in his eternal Mind,
To ſave from Hell a Part of loſt Mankind;
With Chriſt his Son, in Council deep decreed,
To execute the great, the wond'rous Deed:
When lo! the Son, with Pity in his Heart,
Agreed to act a Mediator's Part:
To pay the Sum that Juſtice might demand,
Bear all their Sins, and in their Place to ſtand.
He at th' appointed Time, obedient came,
Partook our Blood, and bore a Saviour's Name;
He open'd wide a new and living Way,
To Bliſs ſubſtantial, and eternal Day.

Hear it, O Earth! they cry; ye Souls attend!
Come bow ſubmiſſive, view your dying Friend.
And raiſe your Heads; with Joy lift up your Eyes,
And ſee how Mercy ſmiles from yonder Skies.
We have this great Embaſſage from above:
We're ſent by God to ſpread abroad his Love.
To you we call!—we tell his wond'rous Name,
And ſweet Salvation thro' his Blood proclaim.

Surpriſing News! 'tis ſtrange beyond degree,
That he who fills a vaſt Immenſity;
Who meaſures out all Nature with a Span,
Should have one Thought of Love to wretched Man.
A Being ſo divine, ſo great, ſo juſt,
Might have reduc'd him to his former Duſt;
Or made him ſuffer keen, eternal Death,
In Hell below, his Magazine of Wrath.

Sure never Mortal dwelt on ſuch a Theme,
Or Tongue did e'er ſuch wond'rous News proclaim;
That God himſelf, the Father of Mankind,
Should thus employ his wiſe eternal Mind.

◆

SINCERITY.

I.

BE thou, my Soul, be thou ſincere,
Nor act a baſe, deceitful Part;
With holy Zeal, and fervent Prayer,
Obey the Lord with all thy Heart.

II.

Let Truth poſſeſs thy inmoſt Pow'rs,
God and his Ways be thy Delight;
Improve thy Time, improve thy Hours,
And for the Crown of Glory fight.

III.

With Thoughts all fixt on Things divine,
Raiſe an exalted Song of Praiſe,
Nor ceaſe till all before Thee ſhine,
Or beam in bright celeſtial Blaze.

IV.

Thrones are prepar'd for Souls on high,
That ſerve the Lord with Heart ſincere;
In boundleſs Bliſs, in endleſs Joy,
They ſhall with bleſſed Angels ſhare.

THOUGHTS

On the ALMIGHTY POWER of GOD.

REV. 19. 6. " The Lord God Omnipotent reigneth."

I.

ARISE, my Soul! in Rev'rence ſtand;
Come view Jehovah's awful Hand,
That ſhakes th' ethereal Sky:
Hark! how his Thunder roars aloud;
It ſounds Almighty Pow'r abroad,
While forked Light'nings fly.

II.

Behold! ye Myriads of Mankind,
Behold him riding on the Wind,
While Storms and Tempeſts riſe:
With his great Arm, or with a Nod,
He can deſtroy, for he is God;
The God of Earth and Skies.

III.

How vaſt, ye Souls, how vaſt his Pow'r!
Oh! rev'rend bow, his Name adore,
And own his ſov'reign Sway:
He does his Pleaſure all around,
Tho' pealful Thunder ſhakes the Ground,
Or Darkneſs veils the Day.

IV.

The ſurging Deep, the Storms that riſe,
And all beneath theſe lower Skies,
The mighty God proclaim:
In Heav'n he reigns; and O to tell!
His Wrath prepares a Place in Hell,
For thoſe who hate his Name.

V.

But tho' he ſhakes the ſpacious World,
And Sinners down to Hell are hurl'd,
The Right'ous need not fear;
For he prepares a Place above,
In Realms of Bliſs, in Realms of Love
For them, where Angels are.

VI.

Then, O my Muſe! exalt thy Voice,
Of Glory ſing, in God rejoice,
Nor ceaſe his Name to praiſe:
Thus ſpend thy Breath, from Day to Day,
Till Angels fetch thy Soul away,
To join their heav'nly Lays.

The SLUGGARD.

" A little more Sleep, a little more Slumber."
SOLOMON.

AWAKE, O Man! thou drowſy Mortal, riſe!
Behold the Morning-Sun adorns the Skies!
He gilds refulgent Heav'ns expanſive Round,
And ſpreads his glorious Rays acroſs the Ground:
The warbling Larks, that cut th' ethereal Way,
With tuneful Notes rehearſe returning Day;
While Woods, and Groves, and ev'ry Valley ring,
With ſweeteſt Lays to Heav'n's eternal King.

Come, come ariſe! and join the tuneful Song;
Let Gratitude and Praiſe employ thy Tongue.
No longer Sleep, or dream the Hours away,
But riſe, and taſte the Pleaſures of the Day.
The idle Wretch then lifts his drowſy Head,
And yawning gazes round his tinſel'd Bed;
I ſee the Sun in Glory ſhine, he cries,—
A little more Repoſe, and then I'll riſe.

Thus thouſand Souls indulge themſelves on Earth,
They ſleep in Sin, while on the Brink of Death.
The only Care they have's to be at eaſe,
Enjoy themſelves, and all their Paſſions pleaſe:
Compos'd they are, and hope, and wiſh for Heav'n,
And vainly dream, their Sins will be forgiv'n.
Deluded Souls! come ſhake your drowſy Pow'rs,
Nor give yourſelves to Sleep— improve your Hours,
Leſt Time with ſolemn Pauſe, ſhould ceaſe to fly,
And you plunge headlong in Eternity,
Where you will ope' your Eyes to ſhut no more,
And wiſh for Days, you ſin'd away before.

An HYMN.

I.

O Thou who fill'ſt a Throne of State,
The whole Creation's thine!
Vaſt is thy Pow'r, thy Arm is great,
And all thy Works divine.

II.

Thou ſway'ſt the World with vaſt Controul,
And hold'ſt ſupreme Command;
And firmer than the ſolid Pole,
Thy Purpoſes do ſtand.

III.

Yes! great eternal, mighty God;
How wond'rous are thy Ways!
Thy Sov'reign Sceptre's ſtretch'd abroad,
And awes the boiſt'rous Seas.

IV.

The changing Scenes to Mortals known;
Alternate Joys, and Sighs,
Are all the Orders of thy Throne,
That's built on yonder Skies.

V.

May ev'ry Creature form'd of Duſt,
Thy Arm, thy Pow'r confeſs,
For like thyſelf, thy Ways are juſt;
They all are Right'ouſneſs.

GOD's Care of, and tender Compaſſion to his PEOPLE.

PSALM 103. 13. Like as a Father pitieth his Children, ſo the Lord pitieth them that fear him.

TH' eternal God, for ever bleſt,
Of Grace, and Love divine poſſeſs'd,
Hears all his People when they cry,
And looks with Pity from the Sky.
Like as a Father's Bowels move,
Toward the Object of his Love,
In tenderneſs he wipes their Eyes,
And kindly ev'ry Want ſupplies;
His Hands beſtow all needful Good:
He acts a FATHER, and a GOD,

Secure thro' Life's bewilder'd Path,
He guides, and wards the Strokes of Death,
In all the Dangers of the Way,
His Hand affords a rich Diſplay;
While with Compaſſion in his Heart,
He acts a heavn'ly Parent's Part,
Till with his Saints in Worlds of Reſt,
They ſing his Name, for ever bleſt.

⁂

An HYMN on the LAST JUDGMENT.

I.

METHINKS I hear th' Archangel ſound
The ſolemn Trump aloud,
And call the Tribes on earthly Ground,
To meet their Sov'reign God.

II.

He comes! He comes!—(a Cloud's his Throne,)
And Garbs majeſtic wear;
Ten thouſands his great God-head own,
And ſhout it thro' the Air.

III.

The Sun obſerves his Sov'reign Nod,
And hides his ev'ry Ray;
While all the Stars acknowledge God,
And give the Judgment way.

IV.

The burſting Tombs give up their dead,
Nor keep them longer bound;
While flaming Fire around doth ſpread,
And Thunders ſhake the Ground.

V.

The diff'rent Tribes of Heav'n and Hell,
And Seas and Worlds abroad;
A Number which no Tongue can tell,
Appear before their God.

VI.

On Earth by various Names they went:
My Soul, what Sects there were;
But now, the Sinner and the Saint,
Are all the Names they bear.

VII.

Ah! how the JUDGE with angry Eyes,
Looks on the guilty Souls;
Then headlong hurls them from the Skies
To Hell, where Vengeance rolls.

VIII.

But th' heav'nly Doors will open fly,
And ev'ry Part give Way,
While Saints exulting mount on high,
To everlaſting Day.

IX.

Celeſtial Scenes ope' to their view;
Their Saviour, and their God:
Who now behold what they ne'er knew,—
The Secrets of his Blood.

X.

O may my Soul, at that bleſt Day,
Experience Joy like this,
And with the Saints fly thro' the Way,
And ſhare with them in Bliſs!

A Soul complaining of Thoughtleſsneſs of God*

JOB 23. 2.

“ Even to Day is my Complaint bitter.”

I.

WHY ſhould my Soul ſo thoughtleſs be,
O God, my Sov’reign, and my King?
Or why ſo little fixt on Thee,
Thou Source, and Life’s eternal ſpring ?

II.

The ſpacious World I’ve rov’d around,
And fondly Thought t’ have pleas’d mine Eyes,
But nought but Sorrow have I found,
In chaſe of Vanity and Lies.

The

* There is one great Cauſe of the Diſtreſſes with which a gracious Soul is exerciſed. Were our Thoughts more with God, our Comforts would more abound, our Graces more invigorated, and our Souls more lively and active. If we forſake the Lord, or approve regardleſs of him, he will forſake us for awhile, and leave us to mourn his Abſence. Tho’ this is the Caſe, and the poor diſconſolate Soul is ready to take up the Lamentation, and ſay, “ THE LORD HATH FORGOTTEN ME,” yet he will not ALWAYS chide ; his Loving kindneſs he will not take away : And as he hath promiſed to bring them to the heavenly Canaan, his Faithfulneſs ſtands engaged to ſecure the Inheritance ; nor need they entertain a Doubt of his Veracity, for he hath declared, “ IT SHALL NEVER FAIL”--- Pſalm 89. 30 to the 34th. When he corrects, he does it as a Father, tenderly concerned for the Welfare of his Child ;-- the Strokes of his chaſtiſing Rod, are in LOVE, and proportioned as he ſees the Nature of his Crimes deſerve. If he ſees him ſubmiſſive ; or manifeſting a Regard to his paternal Authority, he takes him into his Arms, and with all the Affection of a Father, wipes away his Tears, and pours the Oil of Gladneſs into his Soul.

III.

The Sun with-holds his chearing Rays,
And ſcarce affords a Beam of Light;—
My God, my Father hides his Face;
I walk as in the Shades of Light.

V.

Thou God of Grace, no longer frown;
Revive my Soul, and chear my Heart:
O ſend thy heav'nly Spirit down,
And freſh Supplies of Grace impart!

V.

Let me by Faith behold thy Face,
And keep me that I ſtray no more;
And while I feel thy quick'ning Grace,
May Satan ceaſe his raging Pow'r.

VI.

Be thou my Pleaſure, thou my Song,
And aid my Soul to praiſe thy Name:
May Jeſus dwell upon my Tongue,
And fill me with a ſacred Flame.

THOUGHTS,
After READING the SCRIPTURES.

" The Heav'ns declare thy Glory, Lord,
" In ev'ry Star thy Wiſdom ſhines ;
" But when our Eyes behold thy Word,
" We read thy Name in fairer Lines."

WATTS.

WHEN I ſurvey the Firmament on high,
Or trace the Beauties of th' ethereal Sky,
Wonder on wonder, ſtrike my rolling Eyes,
While Scenes ſublime, in thick Succeſſion riſe.

Yes, mighty God! in ev'ry rolling Star,
I view thy Glories ſparkle from afar.
'Twas thy great Arm that fixt the ſolid Pole,
Thou bid'ſt the Sun, and all the Orbs to roll.
But ah! my Soul would riſe with tuneful Song,
And loud rehearſe thy Wonders on my Tongue ;
Not Orbs of Night, nor the great Orb of Day,
So much thy Glories or thy Name diſplay,
As the bleſt Book, thy Word reveal'd to Man,
Whoſe Breath's from thee, whoſe Life is but a Span.
While in this Vale of Tears the World below,
There all of thee's made known, I need to know,
The Labors of thy Hand,—thy Works, thy Ways,
In Beams more full, than Light at Noon-Day blaze.

Of Chriſt I read, thy co-eternal Son,
In whom is centre'd, all which thou haſt done
For Man's Salvation, who did once rebel,
And ſtood expos'd to Vengeance and to Hell.

Ah! read, my Soul, and its great Author bleſs,
While from Experience thou its *Truth*, confeſs,
What heav'nly Matter runs thro' ev'ry Line!
The Style's majeſtic, ſacred, and divine.
The gen'ral Scope, the ſubject of the Whole,
Gives praiſe to God, while it ſupports a Soul.
All-precious Promiſes there ſtand replete,
Like Eſchol's Grapes, with ev'ry luſcious ſweet:
Or bloom like Trees, on yon celeſtial Plain,
With Life immortal to immortal Men.
The Way to Bliſs, th' Enjoyment of thy God,
Is there mark'd out with Streams of Jeſus' Blood.

Is this the Subſtance of the ſacred Book;
And theſe the chearing Truths which God hath ſpoke.
Riſe then, my Soul! O bleſs his wond'rous Name!
Let all thy Paſſions burn with ſacred Flame.
Gird up thy Loins; be ſober, good, and wiſe;
Graſp at the Bleſſings, keep them in thy Eyes:
Search for the Pearl, the Pearl of price unknown,
Ponder the World, and make it all thy own.

The

THE *SON* OF *GOD* BECOMING *Incarnate*.

I.

WONDER, my Soul! aſtoniſh'd ſtand;
Behold the Sov'reign King of Kings,
Forſakes his Throne at God's Right Hand,
And down to Earth Salvation brings!

II.

He comes! He comes! the Saviour comes,
The Lord of all, the Son of God;
And humble human Fleſh aſſumes,
To purchaſe Pardon with his Blood.

III.

May all Creation riſe, and ſing,
And ſound their tuneful Notes on high;
While the bleſt Name of Iſr'els King,
O'er all the lofty Mountains fly.

IV.

Ah! now Redemption's Work begins,
And ſhews the Wonders of a GOD:
He's come to bear our num'rous Sins,
And ward from us the ſcourging Rod.

V.

O thou my Soul! for ever Praiſe,
For ever ſing his bleſſed Name;
To him a Song exalted raiſe;—
A SAVIOUR, round the World proclaim.

RELIGION,

THE CHRISTIAN'S DELIGHT.

"Religion! thou the Soul of Happineſs."

YOUNG.

I.

HOW ſweet the Pleaſures of the Mind,
Which Saints in Wiſdom's Ways do find:
The Love of Chriſt, their Souls inſpire,
And warm them with an heav'nly Fire.

II.

Bleſt with the Preſence of their God,
And ſprinkl'd with redeeming Blood,
With raptur'd Souls, of him they ſing;
For he's their Saviour and their King.

III.

By Faith divine they look on high,
Above the Earth, beyond the Sky;
Their Heart, and all their Treaſure's there,
And all beneath but Trifles are.

IV.

Their ev'ry Pow'r finds ſweet employ,
While they anticipate the Joy,
Which ſwells the great, the noble Song
Of all the glorious ranſom'd Throng.

V.

And tho' rebellious Mortals riſe,
His Truths diſown, his Ways deſpiſe,
They bleſs the Goodneſs of the Lord,
And truſt the Promiſe of his Word.

VI.

Whatever Duty he commands,
They do with chearful Hearts and Hands;
And thro' their whole Obedience prove,
How they his Laws and Precepts love.

◆

STEDFASTNESS *of* FAITH.

I.

THO' Storms, tho' threat'ning Tempeſts riſe,
My Soul ſhall dauntleſs ſtand;
I'll truſt in God who built the Skies,
And rules the ſpacious Land.

II.

Should all the Pow'rs of Hell below,
Againſt me here engage,
I'll take my Shield, my Courage ſhew,
Nor fear their angry Rage.

III.

Aſſiſted by his Arm alone,
I'll well perform my Part,
Nor ceaſe until the Prize is won,
Or from the Lord depart.

IV.

Secure, my God, will bring me thro'
With Smiles upon my Face;
He'll make me more than Conqueror too,
A Trophy of his Grace.

V.

Glory will ope' before my Eyes,
When Time ſhall ceaſe to roll;
Immortal Songs beyond the Skies,
Will ſwell my raptur'd Soul.

JOY and REJOICING.

PHIL. 4 Chap. 4 ver.

ARISE, ye Saints! forſake the buſy Throng;
Lift up your Heads, and form a tuneful Song.
Look with Diſdain on Things below the Skies,
In God rejoice, to Heav'n direct your Eyes.

Our God, the Source of all that Men poſſeſs,
His *favorite* Sons, with beſt of Favors bleſs:
To them, the Secrets of his Will makes known,*
With the rich Glories that ſurround his Throne.
Fir'd with Joy at the delightful View,
They ſing of Things which Sinners never knew;
And with a noble Soul, deſpiſe the Mirth,
Which only centres in the Things on Earth.

'Tis God we ſing!—Ye bold Blaſphemers, hear!
From Him alone our Conſolations are:†
In Chriſt his Son, our Souls have Pardon found;
We've ſolid Peace within,——our Joys abound.
With Pow'r divine, he's wrought upon our Hearts;
He's ſent his Spirit to renew our Parts;
His Work and Office ſet before our Eyes,
And in his great Salvation made us wiſe.
Did you but feel the Pow'r of Blood divine,
And ſee what Beauties in the Saviour ſhine;

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* Pſalm 25. 14.

† Rom. 5. 11. Pſalm 9. 2.—25. 9. 1 Sam. 2. 1. Iſaiah 61. 10. Hab. 3. 18.

Or in his Life and Death your Intereſt know,
Your Joys would die, that riſe from Things below.

In this bleſt State, tho' helliſh Legions riſe,
And ghaſtly Death appears before our Eyes;
Tho' Peſtilence or Famine wave their Wand,
Tho' Devaſtation's threaten'd thro' the Land,
Fearleſs our Souls can triumph in the Lord;[*]
We are ſecure; for we've his promis'd Word.[†]

But tho' to Man w' appear ſuch Things to know,
Our Souls rejoice his great Commands to do.[‡]
With pious Zeal, we praiſe his glorious Name,
And live on Earth, as tho' quite free from Blame:[§]
His Honor is as precious in our Eyes,
As Bliſs in Heav'n, as Bliſs beyond the Skies.

The

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[*] Acts 5. 41.——13. 50. 52.——16. 25. 2 Cor. 6, 10.——7. 4. Hab. 3. 17. 18. Col. 1. 24. 2 Theſs. 1. 6. 2 Cor. 8. 2. Heb. 10. 34. 1 Peter 1. 6. James 1. 2.

[†] Romans 8. 34 to the 38.

[‡] Pſalm 119. 14. 111. 162. Jer. 15. 16. Pro. 21. 15.

[§] The real Chriſtian is ever concerned to live in the Exerciſe of all the Graces of the Spirit; to regulate his Converſation, his Conduct, or Deportment in Life, in ſuch a Manner, that the greateſt Adverſaries to Religion, will have no Reaſon to find fault; but be conſtrained to acknowledge, as in the Caſe of Peter and John, (Acts 4. 13) "THAT HE HAS BEEN WITH JESUS;"---he is indeed what he profeſſes himſelf. He will not only rejoice in the Lord Jeſus Chriſt, as his SAVIOUR, who in his own Body on the Tree, ſuffered the penal Sanctions of the Law, and paid down his Blood to ſatisfy the Demands of inexorable Juſtice; but as his great EXAMPLE, while thro' the whole of his Conduct, by a chearful Courſe of Obedience, he copies after, and imitates him in all his imitable Perfections.

The Efficacy of the Spirit's Influences.

I.

WHEN God the Sov'reign of the Sky,
Sends forth his Spirit from on high,
A Heart of Stone is turn'd to Fleſh ;[*]
A Soul is ſtript and cloath'd afreſh.[†]

II.

The Man that once indulg'd his Luſt,
That grovel'd in the ſordid Duſt,
Then all his Pow'r employs, to bleſs
His ſacred Name,—his Right'ouſneſs.

III.

No more he pants for earthly Joys,
But ſeeks for Bliſs beyond the Skies ;
Celeſtial Things are all his aim ;
Eternal Life thro' Jeſus' Name.

IV.

The ſordid Sweets he had in Sin,
All die, when Life is form'd within ;
The filthy Luſts he once poſſeſs'd,
No more have place within his Breaſt.[§]

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[*] Zech. 4. 6. Zek. 11. 19. [†] 2 Cor. 5. 7.
[§] So as not to approve, or indulge them——In him there is no allowed Guile. John 1. 47.

Loving and praiſing GOD;

WRITTEN AFTER HEARING A SERMON,

From Pſalm 31. 23.

" O love the Lord, all ye his Saints !"

I.

ALL ye that to the Lord belong,
  And feel within celeſtial Flame,
Exalt your Voice with chearful Song,
  And ſing the Wonders of his Name.

II.

O let the Skies reverb his Praiſe,
  And Earth repeat the joyful Sound ;
His Glory fill your heav'nly Lays,
  And Love in all your Hearts be found !

III.

If once you view his bleſſed Hand,
  Or count your num'rous Mercies o'er,
Your Souls will all-adoring ſtand,
  And wonder that you love no more.

IV.

To him let all your Pow'rs aſpire,
  And ſing of Grace, and Sins forgiv'n :

As Brands he's pluck'd you from the Fire,
  And made you Sons, and Heirs of Heav'n.

V.

Kindly on either Hand he's ſtood,
  And has ſecur'd your Souls from harm;
All needful Grace he hath beſtow'd,
  In Time of Trial and Alarm.

VI.

O praiſe your God with Heart and Soul,
  Nor grovel in the Duſt below!
Let not the World your Love controul,
  But with a warm Affection glow.

VII.

He that has lov'd your Souls ſo well;
  Who's gain'd your Vict'ry o'er the Grave,
And in his Mercy ſpar'd from Hell,
  Deſerve the nobleſt Pow'rs you have.

VIII.

Not all the Songs which Angels raiſe,
  Not all the Notes which Seraphs ſing,
Can ever give ſufficient Praiſe,
  To God your Saviour and your King.

Triumph in DEATH:
OR,
An *ELEGY*,
ON THE DEATH OF
Mrs. ELIZABETH BACON,
SUTTON in ASHFIELD, NOTTINGHAMSHIRE,

Who after a ſhort Illneſs of about twelve Hours, departed this Life, January 5th, 1782,

AGED SEVENTY-SIX YEARS.

> “ The World recedes, it diſappears!
> “ Heav'n opens on my Eyes, my Ears,
> “ With Sounds ſeraphic ring!
> “ Lend, lend your Wings! I mount! I fly!
> “ O Grave! where is thy Victory?
> “ O Death! where is thy Sting?”
>
> *POPE.*

AWAKE, O Muſe! with all thy Pow'rs ariſe,
And view the Hand of God, with ſerious Eyes,
Come ſtrike thy Harp of deep, of ſolemn Sound,
And ſpread the dire Alarm of Death around;
That ev'ry Soul beneath the ſpacious Sky,
May hear, and all adoring, learn to die,

The ghaſtly Monarch, now has ſtretch'd his Hand,
Obedient to Jehovah's great Command,
And ſtruck the much belov'd Narciſſa dead:
Low in the hollow Caverns, laid her Head,
To dwell with fellow Worms, with fellow Clay,
No more to ſee her Friends, or view the Day.
A ſudden Blow, has clos'd the Scenes of Life,
And huſh'd in ſilence, all the Waves of Strife.
She's gone!—Her Soul immortal ſoar'd on high,
To meet her God beyond th' ethereal Sky.
Yon hollow ſounding bell, with ſolemn Toll,
Declares to all around, her abſent Soul.
Deep pierc'd in Heart, my liſt'ning Ears attend,
While Floods of Sorrow roll to hear her End.

Alas! and muſt I ſee her Face no more,
Nor join with her again, our God, t' adore?
Sweet Converſe, or Communion here enjoy,
Or in the Work of Praiſe, our Tongues employ?
O painful Thought!—But why, my Soul, theſe Sighs?
And why do Tears of Sorrow drown thine Eyes?
'Twas God himſelf, that ſummons'd her from hence,
Who acts a Sov'reign in his Providence:
He gave Commiſſion to the Monſter, Death,
To ſtop her beating Pulſe, to draw her Breath.

Earth's great Supreme, who gave us Life at firſt,
Makes it to ceaſe, and Friends return to Duſt,
To make us know, how frail's the Life of Man;
Juſt rais'd from Duſt, returns to Duſt again.
Then be thou wiſe; O look beyond the Sky!
Obſerve his Nod, and living, learn to die.
Keep Death and Judgment preſent in thy view,
That when thou bid'ſt terreſtrial Things adieu,

Thou may'ſt ariſe to Heav'n's divine abode,
Enjoy the Smiles, and triumph in thy God.

The Man that ſeeks his Face while here below,
And ardent pants his wond'rous Name to know;
That ſets his Face toward the heav'nly Hill,
And bows obedient to his ſov'reign Will,
Reſolv'd to ſerve him with his inmoſt Soul,
To give him Glory as the Moments roll,
Will ever find him preſent by his Side,
Enjoy his Bleſſings—Bleſſings multiplied.
And when he ſends a Summons from the Sky,
Commands him hence, and bids his Body die,
He'll make him ſing with his departing Breath,
And richly bleſs him while he bows in Death.

The dear Narciſſa thus her Life employ'd,
Amidſt a buſtling World, her God enjoy'd.
She rais'd her Heart in Gratitude and Praiſe,
Reclin'd her Soul on him, obſerv'd his Ways
And ſweetly ſung, well by the Spirit taught,
What God for her immortal Soul had wrought.

Come ſing, my Muſe, the Triumph of that Hour,
When ſhe was ſeiz'd by Death's relentleſs Pow'r.
How did ſhe raiſe her Voice, and bleſs her God,
Rejoicing in the great Redeemer's Blood!
Tho' unſuſpected, yet prepared to die,
She caſt her Eyes, ſhe view'd his Throne on high,
And told her weeping Friends that ſtood around,
The Portion ſhe ſhould have on heav'nly Ground.*
Methinks

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* So highly favoured was my Friend in her Death, that the grand Adverſary of Souls was not permitted to harraſs her Mind, or diſtreſs her with the Fear of a Poſſibility of being miſtaken; but ſpent the whole of the Time from the firſt of her being confin'd, till the laſt Moment

Methinks I ſee her graſp with eager Hands,
The Offspring of her Womb that by her ſtands,
While ſhe declares with Triumph in her Eye,
How loud ſhe'd praiſe her God, beyond the Sky.
O how ſhe looks!—with all her Soul in Flame,
And bids him join awhile to ſing his Name,
And tell the Wonders of immortal Bliſs,
Till dying, ſhe ſhould dwell where Jeſus is!

Come wipe, my Friends; come wipe your weeping
Eyes,
Let Sorrow ceaſe, and chearful, view, ſhe cries,
Your aged Matron dying, and yet bleſt;
Juſt going to enjoy eternal Reſt!
Ere long, theſe Eyes, my Saviour's Face ſhall ſee,
And I ſhall praiſe him thro' Eternity:
The Viſion will be chang'd for real Light,
And heav'nly Glories open to my Sight.

Anticipation oft has fir'd my Soul,
And I have wiſh'd for Years more ſwift to roll,
That I might with the Saints in Glory ſtand,
And fully taſte the Sweets of Canaan's Land.
Now, now I die!—Anticipation ends!
My Soul immortal up to God aſcends
And leaves his mortal Body on the Ground,
To dwell confin'd, where gnawing Worms ſurround.

Then

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ment of her Life, in aſcribing Praiſe to God, for what he had done for her, and her's. Her joy, was not the Joy of a Hypocrite, or the Effect of an overheated Imagination, but the Reſult of a ſtrong Faith, and a well-grounded Hope, in a God in Covenant. Being under the ſanctifying Influences of the Spirit; and having received an earneſt of the heavenly Inheritance; and knowing him to be faithful who hath promiſed, ſhe could exult in the certainty of the full Poſſeſſion.

Then ſoaring, ſings, with Glory in her Eye;
She goes in Triumph thro' th' ethereal Sky,
And joins with Ab'ram, and the noble Throng,
To ſing his Name in an eternal Song!

Ah! now ſhe ranges o'er the Fields of Light,
Cloath'd in a royal Garb, of Luſtre bright.
How great the change!—She's now beyond the Pole,
And feels immortal Raptures in her Soul!
She looks with Wonder in her Saviour's Face,
Admiring, rich, diſcriminating Grace.

But Yeſterday ſhe met with Saints on Earth,
And in his Houſe of Pray'r, employ'd her Breath;
And for that Day,* felt all her Paſſions move,
When ſhe ſhould celebrate his dying Love;
Or in the Elements of Bread and Wine,
Remember and admire his Work divine.
But ſhe's remov'd—ſhe's gone to Heav'n's abode,
To celebrate it on the Throne of God,
And triumph with Perfection in her Soul,
While Seas of Bliſs perpetual by her roll!

Come then, ye Friends! review her noble End;
Come ſing your dead, but yet, immortal Friend!

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* The Day appointed for the Ordinance of the Lord's Supper; which was the Day after her Diſſolution. About two or three Hours before ſhe was ſeiz'd with the Complaint which put a period to her Exiſtence, ſhe met with ſeveral of her Friends at the Houſe of God, to hear a Sermon preparatory to the Ordinance; where God was pleaſed to manifeſt himſelf to her in a peculiar Manner: The Word came with power to her Soul. On her return Home ſhe expreſſed herſelf to have had more ſenſible Enjoyment of the Divine Preſence, and to have received greater Satisfaction of Mind, than ſhe could remember to have had for ſome Time. Thus God was making way, and preparing her for that, which he in his infinite Wiſdom deſigned.

She's gone!—She's gone!—but why indulge a Sigh?
She's only gone to Joys beyond the Sky!
O realize what God has for her done,
And what ſhe's doing now, on yonder Throne!
And that will ſilence ev'ry riſing Fear;
Create a Joy, and ſweeten ev'ry Tear.

How frequent have you ming'led Notes of Praiſe
On Earth together, and admir'd his Ways!
Petitions oft have fervent roſe on high,
And call'd for Bleſſings from the upper Sky.
But ſoon th' important Period will appear,
When you muſt bow in Death, and meet her there!
And thro' Eternity together ſing,
The Wiſdom, Love, and Grace of God your King.

How perfect then, will all your Praiſes be!
How ſweet your Songs! how ſweet the Harmony!
No jarring Paſſions will attend your Strains,
While loud the Echo round the heav'nly Plains.
Bleſt by your God, the Bleſſing you'll return,
And find your Love, without Polution burn:
You'll fall adoring at his gracious Feet;
Then caſt your Crowns, and gaze upon his Seat.

Ye thoughtleſs Tribes! come think what 'tis to die;
One gentle Touch, can ſnap Life's tender tye!
That Arm that ſtruck the dear Narciſſa dead,
May in the Grave, as ſudden lay your Head.
Death has its thouſand Doors, which open ſtand,
Which open wide their Folds, on either Hand.

The rolling Waves of Jordan's awful Flood,
The Sons of Men muſt croſs, to paſs to God.
Not one can 'ſcape;—for all, for all muſt die,
And meet a vaſt, *a long Eternity.*

Let ſordid Worldlings pant for golden Ore,
And fill their Coffers, till they'll hold no more;
Or eager thirſting, burn beneath the Pole,
T' increaſe their Store, and ſatisfy the Soul:
'Twill but contribute to their Miſery,
When Death commiſſion'd, tells them they muſt die.

The noted Hero in the Lands afar,
A Kingdom's Chief, a Thunder-bolt of War,
May range abroad, with proud, ambitious Aim,
And level Empires to exalt their Name;
But when the King of Terror lifts his Arm,
He'll fill their warlike Souls, with more alarm,
(If dead in Sin) than they the timid Soul,
When overpow'ring Paſſions bear controul,
And proſtrate lay them helpleſs on the Ground,
While claſhing Shields, for ever ceaſe their Sound.
And then! O then! to Earth and Worms conſign'd,
They'll only leave the Name of BRAVE behind;
While all the great, the vaſt Deſires they have,
Will ſink within the Compaſs of a Grave.*

O to be found in Chriſt, the noble Chief
Of Man's Salvation, with a firm Belief!
To take the Shield of Faith, to weild our Sword,
And manful Fight the Battles of the Lord!
Then let the great Deſtroyer of Mankind,
Range round the World, or come with ev'ry Wind;

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* Shakeſpeare has a beautiful Idea on this Subject, expreſſed in the following Words:

" Ill-wav'd Ambition, how much art thou ſhrunk!
" When that this Body did contain a Spirit,
" A Kingdom for it was too ſmall a Bound;
" But now two Paces of the vileſt Earth
" Is room enough ———— ————."

Smote by his Hand, we ſhall but fall, to riſe,
And fill a Throne exalted in the Skies,

No, can my Muſe, forget thoſe praying few,
That with my Friend to God's great Footſtool drew;
That join'd in Fellowſhip with ſocial Breath,
Commun'd together in his Church on Earth.—
Tho' dead ſhe ſpeaks, and ſpeaking calls aloud,
For us to ſtand prepar'd to meet our God.
O may our Siſter's Death, our Souls inſpire,
To ſeek his Face with more intenſe Deſire!
And all united lift our Hearts in Praiſe,
And forward preſs, obſerving all his Ways.

Then let us liſten to the Voice of God,
Behold his Hand, or view th' appointed Rod.
'Twas he alone, that call'd her Soul above,
That made our Number leſs, by her remove.

Our God has frequent, ſolemn Warnings giv'n;
Call'd from his Church on Earth, to that in Heav'n.
He now repeats the call ——another's fled;
Another's number'd with the mould'ring Dead.
Perhaps before another Day's return,
Our kindred Friends, may weep about *our* Urn.
Or with a ſad Dejection in their Eyes,
Our Days remember, while they heave in Sighs.

O may *this* warning go from Heart to Heart,
And ſome freſh Knowledge of our God impart!
With ſweet Impreſſion, reach our inmoſt Soul,
And make us ſpread his Glory round the Pole!

Then let us riſe with Confidence of Prayer,
And call for Bleſſings to attend us here.

Like Jacob wreſtle——plead; O plead his Grace,
To raiſe our Walls, and Zion's Sons increaſe.

O let us wait his great appointing Hand!
Adore, nor think his Work is at a ſtand.
His Time's the beſt——may Praiſe for ever riſe,
Like Incenſe well perfum'd beyond the Skies;
While we expect that ſweet returning Day,
When rais'd by him we ſhine with rich Diſplay:
He can ſupply a dying Member's Place,
And bleſs us, richly bleſs us with increaſe.

Eternal God! the Work is all divine!
We are thy Creatures—all our Souls are thine.
Come ſtretch thy Arm, diſplay thy Pow'r abroad,
Subdue the Proud, and make them know their God.
O bleſs the riſing Age, with Truth and Grace,
And ſtamp on them the Image of thy Face!

And while thou ſend'ſt thy Spirit from above,
Make *us* the Objects of thy ſpecial Love.
That when we bend beneath the Weight of Years;
Or Death, the great Deſtroyer, Death, appears,
We may, like our departed Friend, be bleſt,
And breathe our all, in our Redeemer's Breaſt.

FINIS.

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